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Smith, J.

Recollections of James Turner,  
Esq. of Thrushgrove

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GLASGOW

RECOLLECTIONS

OF

JAMES TURNER, ESQ.

OF

THRUSHGROVE.

BY J. SMITH, M.A.

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ERRATA.

In page 91 for "Mr Baggie" read Mr BOGGIE.

In page 106 for "luds" read LUDO.

## JAMES TURNER, ESQ.,

### THRUSHGROVE

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THE name of James Turner is one of the best known among our citizens. For above half a century he has taken a prominent part in the greater number of political movements, as well as interested himself in the benevolent institutions of the city. The day will come when every thing connected with the men who took a public and prominent part in the early history of Glasgow will be carefully investigated, and time, which works wonders, will do justice to their memories. Much more will the character of those men who, in a time of comparative political despotism, boldly contended for civil and political rights, be more fully appreciated, and the good which they accomplished more generally acknowledged. Few there are indeed in our city who can in 1854 relate to their fellows what they witnessed and experienced in Glasgow four-fifths of a century ago. Indeed, it is a question if there is one now remaining, save the subject of this notice, who can give an intelligent account of events in our city at so remote a date. And Mr Turner has not only lived a long, but an active and industrious, and public life. He is none of those who, when what they consider great principles are at stake, allow self-interest to keep them quiet—he spoke out in what he deemed the great question of Political Freedom at the risk of liberty, and even of life, and has now the satisfaction of seeing the reform, to bring about which he laboured and suffered, practically adopted both locally and nationally. The

story of such a man will ever receive listeners, and the more simply it is told the more fascinating will it necessarily appear.

### MR TURNER'S PROGENITORS.

Though he cannot boast of high descent, he can revert to his father and grandfather and great-grandfather without a blush. Though destitute of what the world calls rank and wealth, they possessed many higher requisites which are wholly independent of adventitious circumstances. His great-grandfather was for a considerable time an important servant in the Eglinton family, and was removed to Eaglesham to take charge of some property belonging to the Earl of Eglinton in that quarter. He discharged the duties of under-factor, and was much esteemed among all classes. His son, the grandfather of the present notice, was brought to Glasgow when comparatively young, and was there taught the trade of a house-carpenter. He commenced business on his own account, near where Dr Muter's church was, at the head of the Havannah. His wife, the grandmother of the present notice, belonged to a family of the name of Craig, in Glasgow, who held some property opposite the College Church, where Barr's Land stands. The family were in respectable circumstances, and one of them was married to John Erskine, partner with Bailie Bannatyne, tin-smith, Gallowgate. The share that fell to Mr Turner's grandfather was sold to John Erskine; and with the proceeds he was enabled to start business. He died early, and left his family in comparatively destitute circumstances. His grandfather had a large family numbering twelve; but the subject of this notice remembers only his father, a brother and sister, and his father was the oldest of the family. His father, Wm. Turner, learned the trade of a shoemaker, and commenced business on his own account, in Saltmarket, probably about

the year 1771. He had six children, three sons and three daughters, of whom the subject of this notice was the oldest and was born on 29th April, 1768. At the time of his birth, his father resided in Dovehill, near where Mr Bell's Church stood. His father was connected with very many friendly societies, and took an active part in their management.

### HIS APPRENTICESHIP.

His son James Turner, the subject of our story, was not sent to school, or rather refused to go and for a singular reason. He went with an acquaintance one day to see a school, but it so happened, when they entered the school, that the teacher was treating a boy to a severe beating; and young Turner resolved that as this was the first time he had ever gone to school, it should also be the last; and he kept his purpose; for he never was in school in his life in the capacity of a scholar. His father, dissatisfied with what he termed the boy's obstinacy, resolved to punish him, and told him that if he would not go to school he would make him a tobacco boy, which he did, in order to keep him out of mischief. This occurred in July, 1776, the month and year of American independence. From his early life he had desired to be able to read, though he had no desire to go to school, and had managed to pick up the elements of education about his father's hand; and the tobacco boys formed a class among themselves, and read together the Seven Champions of Christendom, and other juvenile classics, ballads, &c. After being with several tobaccoists for a short time, he entered the employment of Mr Hamilton, Bailie Hamilton's father; and the boys' seeing Mr Hamilton carry a book in his pocket, from which he occasionally read to them; they thought they ought to read too, and this was one of the motives which induced them to commence their class. His father attended Dr

Balfour's church, and took his family with him, and attended to family religion, and thus set his children a good example. At the time he entered the employment of Mr Hamilton he had sixteenpence a week, as errand boy, and it was in this situation that he got his writing and arithmetic; and it is remarkable that to this day tobacco boys earn little more. At that time tobacco-spinners earned from twelve shillings to fourteen shillings a week; and those who were fortunate enough to earn as much as fifteen shillings considered themselves very successful. After serving his apprenticeship, Mr Turner wrought as a journeyman with Mr Hamilton from 1st January, 1789, and served nine years in that capacity. When he left his employment he was twenty-nine years; and at the age of thirty he commenced the tobacco business on his own account. About that time one of his sisters was married to Mr William Lang, printer, of whom notice will hereafter be taken. Mr Turner himself married in 1797, and, as we have already said, commenced business in 1798. At that time he had saved upwards of £100, a larger sum than was usual in the case of young men then when they married. His first house was rented at £5. He married Jane Hardie, who also belonged to Glasgow; and they lived together till January, 1837, when she died. It may be here mentioned that marriages in those days were conducted plainly. They were married at the College Church. At that time and ever since, it was customary to have a week-day service in a Parish Church, and on the day of Mr Turner's wedding that service was being performed by Dr Rankine in the College Church. Mr Turner walked with his bride, along with his two sisters, to the vestry of the church, and sent word by the beadle to Dr Rankine that a couple were waiting for him to perform the ceremony of marriage. When the public service was over, the Dr appeared to do

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HOLLAND  
GIVE

## M A R R I A G E

That James Turner, Tobacco Shopman  
in Glasgow, and Jean Macrie, Resident  
there,

have been lawfully proclaimed in several of the Churches  
here, in order for Marriage, three several Sabbaths  
and no objections made, is attested at Glasgow, the 26<sup>th</sup>  
day of June — one thousand seven hundred  
and ninety seven years, by

Amos Macken, J. G. Clk.

Glasgow 27 day of June 1797.

The above mentioned parties were married by me,

James Beattie, Minister.

N. B. It is requested of the Minister who marries the above Parties, that after  
certifying the marriage, and marking the date, he would enjoin them to return to  
the Clerk with this Certificate so marked, that he may insert it in the Marriage  
Register accordingly, which he will do without any further expence.



the duty, but he objected at the want of witnesses, and the beadle was sent to the street in quest of them, to call in one or two, but returning he said he could find none. Mr Turner insisted that his sisters were sufficient witnesses, and persuaded the minister to proceed. Another difficulty however occurred; for when the lines were produced, neither pen nor ink could be found in the vestry. The ceremony being over, the question now arose whether the marriage was valid without the certificate being signed, and Mr Turner insisted that since no ink could be had, pencilling might be sufficient, and handed his pencil to the minister, who signed the certificate therewith, and the lines remain so till this day. We herewith present a fac-simile of them and only regret that it was impossible to give the clergyman's signature in pencilling as it stands in the original. The ceremony being over, Mr Turner returned to his father-in-law's house with his bride, and went to his work the residue of the day till the evening, when he hired a carriage and drove his bride to his own house, where a number of friends were waiting, and there spent a very happy evening. Mr Turner's first place of business was in High street, in a small shop opposite the Grammar School Wynd; but as his business increased he removed farther down to the Cross Well. He continued in business till 1831, when he retired with a competency. He had a family of eleven children, three of whom survive. The others died early. The population of Glasgow, when James Turner was a boy, did not exceed 40,000, being little more than a tenth of its present amount.

#### LOCAL INCIDENTS HE REMEMBERS.

He remembers that about the year 1775 Rutherglen Bridge was built. About this time horse-races were held on Rutherglen Green, and the pictures ceased to be exhibited in the College Court on the King's

birth-day. As usual the boys were in the practice of having many stone battles; the boys of the Bridgegate and the Saltmarket had their battle-ground on the road in front of the Episcopal Chapel; the Gorbals and Glasgow boys' battle-ground was the Clyde between the Stockwell and Jamaica Street Bridges. About 1776 the Stockwell Bridge was so very narrow that two carts could with difficulty pass; there was a recess for one cart to stop while the other passed, and one-half was added to the width of it. The wings which formed the footpath were an after addition. About this time a weaver named Robb was murdered, and Shedden, a mason, was suspected and brought to trial. He admitted the fact, but it was found that he had mistaken one man for another; and, as there was no malice in the case, Shedden was sentenced to be whipped and transported. The weavers were indignant at his not being executed, and had made up their minds to take the law in their own hand, and were determined to take his life on the day he was flogged. Great numbers were expected from Paisley, and the authorities learned what was intended, and in order that they might be disappointed Shedden was brought out of jail soon after 10 o'clock, instead of 12, the usual hour, and a party of the Royals were in Glasgow at the time, who had a hard duty to perform—protecting the prisoner from an enraged crowd. He was first taken down the Gallowgate, and then up High Street, under a continued shower of stones, and the executioner was completely under the command of the crowd, for he whipped when desired and stopped when he was bidden. Mark Reid's house, opposite Bun's Wynd, was then building and there was a tremendous shower of stones from it when he was getting his flogging. He then went to the head of Shuttle Street, where it was repeated; he next came down High Street and along Tron-gate and down Stockwell street through Bridgegate, get-

ting his dose at the corner of the streets as he passed. Before he reached the foot of Saltmarket he fainted and had to be lifted up and laid on the cart, when he had very much the appearance of a skinned bullock, but he got back to jail alive. Some of the soldiers were severely hurt. In 1779 St Enoch's Church was built. Dr Balfour was then minister of the Outer High Church; Dr Hamilton was in the Inner; Dr Burns in the Barony; Dr Gillis in the College; Dr Finlay in the North-West; Dr Corse in the Tron; Dr Porteous in the Wynd; Dr Craig in St Andrew's. About 1780 or 1781 the first balloon set off. It was about 10 or 12 feet in diameter—ascended from the foot of the Bridgegate steeple, where Guildry court is now built. At this period not a stone of St Andrew's Square was built. About 1790 and for some years after there was a very great deficiency in both silver and copper coinage, and several persons in order to obtain change stamped dollars above their value—at 5s—to keep them from being melted down, and a great many persons issued a copper coinage of their own. We had Edinburgh bawbees, and Glasgow bawbees, tea-shop farthings, and snuff-shop farthings, and many of the banks issued five shilling notes, and gold was so scarce that light guineas were sold at twenty-six shillings, when those that were full weight only brought twenty-one shillings. The first pawn shop was kept by one Graham, who was a Town-officer, in Gibson's Wynd. On the 9th February, 1779, being the King's fast-day, we had a tremendous tumult. The Catholic Bill was at that time the leading question in the country. A Mr Bagnall, a Catholic, had an extensive pottery at the head of Tobago Street, Calton; the populace broke into his work, and broke and destroyed all they could lay their hands on, and then set fire to the premises, which blazed for a long time. They then went to the head of King street, broke into his stoneware shop, threw his stoneware out on the street and

broke everything they could lay their hands on. The Military, the West Fencibles, were then called out, and like savages they went, with fixed bayonets, through the streets driving men, women, and children before them. This unhappy question was brought to a close by the great mob in London, headed by Lord George Gordon in the year 1780. In March, 1782, there was a tremendous flood in the Clyde. About the 10th of the month a great quantity of snow fell; it was succeeded by a heavy rain which melted the snow, and on the morning of the 12th the river was so swollen that boats were sailing through the Bridgegate and up the Saltmarket. Mr T. was then residing up a close where Miller's place now stands, and when he came down the close in the morning to go to his work he found he could have one foot in the close and the other in the Clyde. Boats were employed sailing in those parts of the city that were inundated, serving out provisions to families that were in want. There was a stone in the front of a tenement nearly opposite the Bridgegate, having the height of Clyde marked on it, 12th March, 1782. There are only two families now known which then took an active share in public matters. These are the Tennents of Wellpark and the Cuthbertsons. Up till 1780 there were few foot-pavements in the city; but at that time they commenced to be more general, and a few of the streets were laid with rough stones. The chief shops were in Tron-gate, Gallowgate, High street, and Saltmarket. In the Gallowgate the Crums carried on a large cotton and woollen trade. The largest grocer's shop was in Spreull's Land, where Mr Swanston dealt extensively in such articles. There were then four silversmiths' shops—that of Bailie M'Ewan, Milne & Campbell, Adam Graham, and Robert Gray. There were no pawn shops but one, but there were abundance of spirit-dealers' shops. Rents then were comparatively low. Mr Turner's first shop

rent was £9, and the same shop now is about £20. The juveniles of those days presented a somewhat curious appearance when in full dress. Boys of about seven years began to be breeched; for in those days there were no trousers, or very few. Mr Turner at that age received these habiliments of his coming manhood. He remembers distinctly his shoes furnished with buckles; his little breeches with buckles at the knee, and his long side coat and his three-cocked hat, in which he was marched to church to his own great delight. In those days giving attention to ladies' head-dress and ornaments was a great object, and to have the feet and head in good order. There were not only ordinary shoe buckles for ordinary shoes, but mourning buckles for funerals, and buckles for high occasions, set with stones—generally imitations. For boys, leather breeches were then common, and skimmers supplied them at 1s 6d to 2s a pair. They were not more durable than cloth, and certainly not so comfortable. Gentlemen in full dress wore buckskin breeches, which were all made by skimmers and glovers. Ladies, in addition to their shoe buckles, had high-heeled shoes. Some of them added above two inches to their natural height; but all of them then wore shoes with high heels, though these heels varied from an inch to two inches in height. Ladies were then very particular in having their buckles properly decorated with stones, which generally consisted of cut glass, and they had very high head-dresses. Wooers began literally by studying the feet and head, and a fair lady fully dressed out was sadly disappointed if she did not see the languishing Adonises casting their eyes upwards and downwards, admiring her gaudy head-dress and glittering shoes. High heels and heads were the order of the day. When jackets began to be introduced among boys, very serious discussions occurred among some of the Governors of Hutchesons' Hospital, whether the boys of that insti-

tution should not be allowed to dispense with their coats, and also wear jackets. Provost Dalglish thought that those who were receiving charity ought to be very well satisfied with coats, and, besides, it marked them as charity boys, and opposed the introduction of jackets in this case, but ultimately gave in to those who thought differently.

### WORKMEN AND WAGES.

In the middle of the last century working people seldom enjoyed the luxury of tea. Indeed it was never used by them except on the Sabbath, and no such thing as coffee was known among them at that time. The wages of tradesmen were much less than at present. Masons and wrights earned about fourteenpence a-day, and other tradesmen had no more unless those of them who wrought by piece work. Tailors and shoemakers then, as well as many of them now, wrought chiefly by the piece. According to the best of Mr Turner's recollection, drinking to excess was fully as common among the working classes then as now in proportion to the population. The great bulk of them drank and amused themselves a large part of Monday and Tuesday. They got the drink into the workshops, and turned these into dram shops for the time being; but many of the more respectable shops opposed this practice. As there was no gas in those days, houses and shops were lighted with candles, and lamps in which train oil was burned. The lamps that were made of black iron were called *cruisies*. By and by shops began to be lighted with tallow candles, and improved lamps with glass globes were also to be seen. The expense was not much greater than that of gas at present. Wood split up into thin pieces, called fir sticks, was also extensively employed for light in the kitchens, and for showing visitors down stairs. Coals were much cheaper then than now; a cart of these cost only from 2s 6d to 3s. The wages of domestic



servants were less than at present; servant girls generally had no more than 30s or 40s in the half year.

### PUBLIC EXECUTIONS.

Executions were frequent and were the topic of much conversation. Mr Turner remembers since executions were at Howgate-head, where the Canal Basin now is. The gallows was always in readiness, and consisted of a strong beam of wood placed in the ground with a cross head on it. There were two of these in cases of emergency. One was specially erected for Andrew Marshall, who was hung in chains, and remained suspended for about three months. It is almost impossible to believe that in Glasgow, within a lifetime, such barbarities were practised, yet it is true that this man Marshall was hung in chains and remained in that state till the Market Gardeners complained that the flies from the body destroyed their vegetables. In order to remedy this annoyance, it was proposed to place over the body a sack tarred all over; which was done, and the body left still longer dangling from the gallows, only some twelve or fourteen feet above the ground. Mr Turner remembers being told by James Hamilton, a gardener, that he was engaged in taking down the body. The sentence passed doomed it to remain on the gallows till it vanished; but public feeling prevented the carrying out the barbarous sentence to its full extent. Shocking as was this scene, our English neighbours have not much room to boast of a higher civilization; for as late as 1817 the bodies of several pirates were hanging along the coast in chains. This mode of punishment was never repeated in Glasgow after that time. Robert Hislop was the last hung at Howgate-head; and his crime was housebreaking. The execution took place in 1781. After this the place of execution was removed to the Castle yard, where the Infirmary now stands and

where the remains of the Bishop's Palace were standing at that time. James Jack was the first executed there, and his crime was that of robbery, for which many suffered the punishment of death at that time. His execution took place in July, 1784, and the whole population almost turned out to see it. There were some circumstances connected with it which rendered it truly horrible. Till that time the criminal was ordered to ascend a ladder; and when he did so the rope was adjusted about his neck and the process of hanging consisted in pushing him off the ladder after the rope had been so adjusted. This James Jack, however, refused in the first place to move to the place of execution, and was bound on a cart, and had to be handled so roughly that the white dress in which he was to be hung was besmeared with blood, from the wrists being cut by handcuffs, before he reached the place of execution. After he arrived there, he was ordered to ascend, but refused. A rope and tackle had to be got, the tackle was fixed to the gallows; and as he lay on the cart the rope was placed round his neck, and a number of people drawing the other end pulled him up by the neck and then left him to hang till he was dead—of course without any drop. This shocking scene caused a change in the mode of executions. What was called the Tumbling Tom\* was introduced, and has been since employed. In the same year three persons were executed on the same spot for housebreaking. Their names were James Brodie, William Brodie, and Jean Lindsay; and what was very remarkable in their execution was that they were hung in view of the houses in which they were born. The two brothers were executed for different crimes.

\* The Tumbling Tom it was thought was suggested by a machine kept by Shopkeepers for weighing copper, for copper money at that time was bad, and forgeries of it were quite common.



In the following year there was an execution which excited unusual interest. It was that of Neil MacLean for forgery. He was a young man of active habits and superior mind and manners, and had up to that date sustained a blameless character. He kept a broker's shop in Saltmarket and was very much liked for his amusing and affable manners. Besides carrying on the business of a broker he kept a sort of armoury, and cleaned swords and pistols. A person of the name of Edwards, an engraver, called the "wee man of the College," had a hand in the forgery, and was found guilty as well as MacLean; but somehow he got off. There was another person of the name of Steven, however, condemned the same day for murder; and MacLean specially requested that he should not be executed on the same day as a common murderer, and in order to accommodate him he was executed a week earlier—being hung on the 1st June, 1785, while Steven was executed on 8th June—exactly a week later. Some alleged, however, that there was another reason for his preferring to be hung alone. It was generally believed at that time that not a few of those executed were again resuscitated, and MacLean's friends made every preparation possible for restoring him. The moment he was cut down he was placed on a cart and driven down High Street at a rapid rate, where several doctors were waiting in his own house to raise him to life; and though it was reported by many that they succeeded, it was by and by ascertained that they had failed. It may be mentioned here that the bodies of those executed, unless those of murderers, were restored to their friends. There were some peculiar circumstances connected with Steven. He had been tried at a previous circuit, but on account of the absence of a particular witness he was liberated. That first trial was for forgery. The absent witness, however, made his appear-

ance and was detained in order to be present at a second trial. The witness's name was Morton, and he wrought at the trade of Stocking-making. When working at his trade he was suddenly shot dead. It was immediately surmised that Steven was the murderer, for indeed he was seen running from the neighbourhood; and the opinion was that he shot the witness to prevent his appearing against him. For this offence he was tried and executed as we have already stated. It is thought by some that it was Steven's brother and not Steven himself that shot the witness and was hung for it.

One of the most remarkable executions of the time occurred in 1787. John MacAulay and Thomas Veitch had (without any previous quarrel), formed the intention of robbing a well-known medical gentleman of the name of Wilson of his valuables, which they did. Dr Wilson was much respected in the city, and the case excited much attention on that account. The robbers were soon detected, and the doctor's surgical instruments found in their possession. They were tried for this crime, and both condemned. Plunket and Gordon might be adverted to. Plunket's crime was theft or robbery, Gordon's was forgery, they were both condemned at the same circuit; but while under sentence of death a plan had been set on foot for their escape. A young man of the name of Russell was much with them. It so happened that he and they got possession of the keys and came out. A reward was offered for their apprehension, but Russell and Plunket got off. Plunket lingered about Glasgow, and in the course of a few days was apprehended at his old trade of stealing, his identity was proved, and in a short time after he was executed.

Passing over many other executions, that of James Wilson, which took place on 30th August, 1820, deserves special notice. This person was charged with high trea-

son, for having joined a party at Strathaven, who proceeded to Glasgow in marching order, but he and others only reached Kilbride. The chief part of his crime was his having carried an old sword, without point or hilt, which he used as a bow to his stocking frame. When under sentence of death, he was very wishful to communicate with Mr Lang about making a speech. Mr Lang was from home. Mr Turner called and requested him to make out a statement regarding himself. Along with a Mr Miller, Mr Turner again called at the prison and drew up a statement which was not allowed to be shown to Wilson. He wrote a letter, however, to his wife, which we give *verbatim, literatim, punctatimque*:—

“Glasgow Braidewell 27th June 1820

“Dear Nelly,

“I dont not but you have heard that a trew Bill is found on M'Autyer and me also on Mr Robison and Wm. Watson but be not discouraged for the Kings witnesses is only lead yet, & we was not present to cross-question them we will be tryed again on the 17th of July. I spoc for Fleming and Strong for agents and for Mr Jeffery and Mr James Miller for advocates and for M'Atyer to stay with me all that was granted we got a list of the witnesses that is to be lead against us if you know who was lead and what they said bring us word on friday first and be hear by ten o'Clock. Call here before you call on Mr Fleming. Mr Fleming & Strong both called on us yesterday & got away the papers when you come bring me some small toabacoa. Get all the information you can what the witness saw Andrew Shearer, or Thomas will dow as well to inquire as you, for you must not talk with the Kings witness.

“do not fail to come on friday I remain,

“Your Loving Husband,

“James Wilson.

“Give M'Intyers best respects to Thomas Shearer & family he hopes they will get all the information they can about what the witness said see if ye can mind who Hilton's wife told it too that what she said against me was to get favour for her brother.

“Hiltons wife Jean Hamilton

“To Jemes Wilson's wife,

“Stratheven.”

The generality of people considered Mr Wilson what is called a silly man. Sheriff Aiton was supposed to have misled him, and was a witness against him, and none of his friends would ever have supposed him to be dangerous to any government. When Mr Turner asked him if he would suffer in his own clothes, he took his coat by the lappels, and drawing it together, said "he would leave the coat to be a bit coat to the callant, and would go to be hung in the prison dress." The late James Ewing was Chancellor of the Jury when poor Wilson was tried; and as he, at that time, held strong views of the necessity of putting down the political movement, many said, when they saw him in the jury box, that it was all over with Wilson. There was considerable feeling at the time on account of the part taken by Mr Ewing, though it has since been admitted that something was necessary to be done to put an end to the dissatisfaction which was created by those who agitated for reform, many of whom did not at the time calculate on the probable issue of the agitation. The body, after the execution, was taken by his friends to Strathaven, to which place Wilson belonged.

#### THE GREAT THRUSHGROVE MEETING, &c.

These particulars naturally lead us to refer, at some length, to the case of Mr Turner himself. It is well known that he was some time in Glasgow prison on the charge of high treason—at least it was thought so from the warrant, though the charge was never distinctly made. It is supposed that Mr Turner's chief crime was granting the use of one of his parks at Thrushgrove to accommodate a public meeting; but it was three years after this before Mr Turner was arrested. The famous meeting was held in the month of October, 1816; and Mr Turner, besides granting his parks, occupied the chair. The meeting was large, not fewer than 40,000 people being present, and the

speeches would not now be considered dangerous. We here subjoin a full report of the proceedings:—

“The Public Meeting held, pursuant to advertisement, at Thrusgrove on Tuesday the 29th instant, was the largest that ever took place for any political purpose in Scotland. The number is stated at so high a rate, that those who had not ocular assurance may well call for evidence before they credit its extent. The common estimate is, that 40,000 persons were present. By twelve o’clock, great numbers were upon the ground, and from this time till one o’clock, the period fixed for the business of the day commencing, a constant stream of people flocked to the spot, far surpassing anything of the kind which had ever been seen in this country. The field contains 11,750 square yards. About the third was closely filled; and if we suppose nine men to occupy a square yard, we shall have upwards of 35,000. But whatever was the particular number, it was certainly unprecedented; and when the inhabitants quitted the field, they took about 35 minutes in retiring in a thick column by the wide gate. As those at the outskirts could not hear what was said at the hustings, and as the day was cold, numbers were constantly retiring; but they were as constantly compensated by the new comers. This egress and ingress continued for a short while after the reading of the Resolutions, till near the close of the Meeting; and if the number be taken into account in determining the total number, there can be no doubt that upwards of 60,000 persons were on the spot, from the commencement till the dismissal of the meeting. The gate resembled the thronged entrance of a hive of bees. The neighbouring heights were occupied with several thousands of persons,\* amongst whom were many of our fair countrywomen, who, despairing of hearing, placed themselves in situations favourable for sight, the whole forming a *tout ensemble* highly gratifying to every lover of freedom, and friend of his country. Not the slightest injury was done to any article upon the ground; even the box-wood borders of the avenue which led to the park, were not in the least injured; and no accident of any kind occurred. The whole was conducted with an order and decorum which strikingly proved how groundless have been the prejudices against popular meetings in this part of the country. Though, doubtless, the greater part were workpeople, yet many gentlemen of the city were present, besides great numbers from the country, for miles round the city. Some stranger gentlemen from England were also on the field, who declared, that although they had seen many Public Meetings, they never witnessed any thing of the kind which did so much credit to the gentlemen who took an active part in the business, or

\* Glasgow Courier, 31st October, 1816.

and so much honour to the great body of people assembled. The Resolutions were received with the warmest applause, and passed without a dissenting voice. The speakers were frequently interrupted by loud cheering from the immense multitude, waving of hats, and every other mode of testifying their exultation.

At ten minutes past one Mr Ogilvie stepped forward, and spoke as follows :—

Gentlemen,—To insure the free and ample discussion of those objects for which you are assembled, it is necessary that you call to the chair, a person on whose independent principles and active exertion, you can rely with the utmost confidence. The unprecedented, the almost insurmountable difficulties your committee have had to encounter, in procuring accommodation for this meeting, naturally suggest the gentleman I am about to propose. The iron hand of corrupt influence is this day to be seen grasping our dearest and most important privileges? Is it no symptom of degrading distress, when the inhabitants of Glasgow, are thus compelled to meet in the open air, at a distance from the centre of the city, and on the property of an individual, for such a laudable and constitutional purpose, while the Trades' Hall, though refused you, has since been let for the accommodation of an adventuring stranger, who is pleased to call himself a live Salamander !—(Loud laughter)—The Green, I should have said the mutilated remains of the Green—the inheritance of our fathers—the indisputable property of the Burgesses, was refused in the most unhandsome manner, and was not to be obtained, but at the hazard of being there dragooned. Such conduct on the part of men in office, deserves your marked disapprobation, and calls loudly for reform. Such, and similar conduct on the part of self-important and place-hunting statesmen, in all ages, have consumed the enjoyments, and blasted the happiness of human life. It is now time to oppose this destructive and overwhelming flood of corrupt influence, that has drenched all our comforts, and now threatens to sweep away even the poor consolation of complaining. An assemblage so numerous and respectable, my countrymen, is not only novel, but awfully grand; and shews that you are alive not only to the feelings of distress, but to those of freedom and independence, and loudly tell, that those feelings are not to be suppressed. This is the soil, and near the ground, my friends, where Wallace and our fathers bled for freedom; and shall posterity tell that their sons had not so much courage as to complain? That sense of freedom and independence, which methinks I now see marked on your manly appearance, forbid the thought. On this memorable day, let us raise our voices like men, and tell the self-important and interested, who would bind us not only in the chains of slavery, but those of silence, that we are unwilling to survive the free-



dom and prosperity of our native soil ; and, that we may manage this important discussion with becoming energy and firmness, I know of no man more active nor one more independent, than the gentleman on whose ground you now stand, and who has this day dared the resentment of all the official influence in this place. I therefore take the liberty of thus recommending for your choice, James Turner, Esq. of Thrushgrove.

The motion was adopted by acclamation, and as soon as the shouts of applause had subsided, Mr Turner addressed the meeting as follows :—

Gentlemen, I rise with diffidence to thank you for the mark of respect you have this day conferred on me. At the same time I regret that you have not selected one from among the many thousands who are met here, and who are far better fitted to fill this place. I shall, however, endeavour to the utmost of my power, to discharge the duties of my office. (Shouts of applause.)

I have to request that every gentleman will do all in his power to promote peace, and not afford our enemies any opportunity to speak evil of us. Remember the good cause that has brought us here ; and let us fill our places as men who know their rights, and are determined to assert them. I hope you will give a fair hearing to every gentleman who may address the meeting, and that the whole of our procedure this day will do honour to every one present.—(Loud Cheering.)

Mr Gray rose to propose the Resolutions which the Committee had prepared, and previously addressed the meeting as follows :—

In now rising to address you, I cannot help expressing the regret I feel that the part assigned to me in the business of this day, has not fallen into better and abler hands ; but if a hearty zeal in the common cause, and a sincere desire to do all that lies in my power to forward it, may be deemed any apology for the want of better qualifications, I shall doubtless bring these forward with me to the task, and for the rest, throw myself entirely upon your generosity and indulgence.

I shall not detain you at present with any remarks on the attempts that have been made by our avowed enemies, the Usurping Borough Faction, as they have been aptly termed, to strike at the root of our only remaining privilege—the right of Petitioning the Crown and the Legislature, by doing all in their power to prevent this meeting from taking place. This is a subject that will be noticed afterwards. Neither will I so far insult your judgment and understanding, as to suppose that you need to be exhorted on the subject of orderly and decorous conduct ; for I firmly believe, that you have too much good sense to allow yourselves to be for a moment led astray in this respect. (Applause.) But I trust that, without giving any offence, I may be allowed once more to remind you of the im-

portance of such conduct, at a time when the eyes of our enemies are upon us, when in all probability, their armed bands are hovering around us, and when they are eagerly watching for the most trivial pretext to interrupt our proceedings, and prevent us from laying our grievances at the foot of the Throne. We may be assured, that nothing will more effectually ruin our cause, and afford them the handle they want, than that disorderly and tumultuous conduct on our part, which, I am certain, you will be all equally anxious to deprecate and avoid.

It is now universally admitted, that almost all classes in this country are labouring under an overwhelming load of indescribable calamity. Differences of opinion there may be as to the cause, but there can be none as to the existence of the evil. In every corner of this once flourishing country one hideous picture of misery presents itself; commerce, manufactures, and agriculture, all groan beneath impending ruin. Bankruptcy crowds upon bankruptcy; the merchant, the manufacturer, and the farmer, are alike threatened to be swept away with the impetuous torrent—the middle classes are galled by wants and debts—tradesmen are shutting up their shops, or doing nothing in them—establishments of every kind are reduced, and, as a consequence of all, thousands of the industrious and labouring poor are famishing for want of employment, and the means of procuring subsistence, while others, after parting with all they possessed, after parting with their very keepsakes—are forced to wander, homeless and heart-broken, in search of that support from the bounty of others, which they can no longer obtain by the honest exertions of their own industry. Such is a faint outline of that misery which now pervades this much-wronged country—an outline, the accuracy of which, not even the exertions of a hireling ministerial press, not even the efforts of Ministers themselves, with all their attempts at suppressing information, can palliate or deny. Surely such an accumulation of complicated distress cannot be attributed to any slight or transient cause.

You are all well aware of the efforts that have been made by those who are interested in upholding the present system, to divert the public attention from the real causes of these unexampled calamities. Tubs have been thrown out to the whale, but it would not do. For a long time they denied that the nation was in a suffering state at all. They next admitted that a partial distress existed, but they contended at the same time, that it was temporary, and would quickly subside. Finding themselves unable, however, to make people who had nothing to eat believe that they were quite happy, and alarmed, perhaps, by the many proofs of the distress which were daily accumulating, they at length judged it necessary that “something must be done,” and a charitable subscription was accordingly determined on. This measure they introduced by



one of the most shameful attempts at deception ever practised. They attempted to throw the blame off the shoulders of the Ministers, where it ought in justice to lie, by proposing to resolve that the distresses of the country were solely occasioned by "a sudden transition from a state of war to a state of peace;" and though this barefaced imposition was defeated at the time by the intrepid exertions of the gallant and worthy Lord Cochrane, yet it is to be remarked, that the adherents of corruption, with the whole herd of their servile retainers, still cling inflexibly to this darling idea, when they feel themselves under the necessity of at all adverting to the calamities of the country.

It would be a mere waste of your time to set about a formal refutation of this notion. It will be sufficient to remark, that the cause assigned is inadequate to the production of the effect. The idea, besides, carries with it its own refutation. It is folly to talk of the distress being temporary, and worse than folly to say that it has been occasioned by "a sudden transition from a state of war to a state of peace." Would any of you count that a temporary evil with which you had been afflicted for years? Have we not now been in a state of profound peace for nearly 18 months, during which time the evil has obstinately maintained its ground? Is it not at the present moment rapidly increasing? And do the long lists of bankruptcies with which the pages of the gazettes are daily filled—do any existing appearances whatever give us the smallest room to believe that the mischief will speedily blow by?

The only adequate cause that can be assigned for the present distresses of the nation is the oppressive weight of those enormous burdens which have been entailed upon the country by a vile and corrupt faction, whose dearest delight it is to "cry havoc, and let slip the dogs of war." It is these burdens alone that have crippled all the springs of national industry, and plunged the country into that vortex of calamity, from which it can never hope to rise, till the weight that sinks it down is either lightened or removed.

But in order to have a correct view of our present calamitous situation, it may be proper to trace it from its original source. Like a certain French writer, who, when treating on the genealogy of the Legitimate Louis XVIII. said, "to cut the matter short, we'll begin with Adam;" (Loud laughing) so I also say, to cut the matter short, we'll begin with our first American war.

Let it be here observed, that at the commencement of the present reign, the amount of the taxes annually raised, little exceeded four millions. At present they stand at 70. (Shameful, shameful.) It may be worth while therefore to recall to our minds the causes of this mighty difference. We shall, perhaps, find in the retrospect, a humiliating, but it will be a highly important lesson.

It is well known, that the war which I have now mentioned, separated the Continent of America from Great Britain, and convulsed every part of the empire to its deepest foundations. During the first three years of it nothing was offered to America but slavery or death. Unconditional submission was the language openly avowed by the ministers of the Crown; and a right to bind and tax the Americans, in all cases whatever, was asserted by a Parliament, in which they had not a single Representative! (Scandalous.)

To accomplish these objects, the trade of death was incessantly carried on—the mercenary circles of Germany were ransacked for instruments of slaughter, and even the merciless Indian savages were brought down, to dragoon the Americans into unconditional submission. All these efforts, however, failed, and an embassy was sent out at an immense expense, to lay the boasted honour, dignity, and supremacy of the British Parliament, at the feet of the rebel Americans. In short, the result was, that after a succession of bloody and wasteful defeats, or of useless victories, Great Britain was forced to grant to the arms of America what she had haughtily refused to her prayers. American Independence was formally, though reluctantly acknowledged, the object of the war abandoned, and peace restored to a distracted people, after the loss of 200,000 lives, and an increase of what is called the national debt to the immense sum of 280 millions. It was this war therefore, which, like all our succeeding ones, was carried on against the liberties of mankind, that laid the foundation of those burdens which now threaten to overwhelm us.

Of our doings in the East, I shall say nothing, though they have not been altogether unattended with expense to the country. It is worthy of remark, however, that they also afford additional proofs of the sanguinary disposition of Ministers during the present reign. It is computed by our best historians, that, in our Asiatic possessions, from 1758, to the peace made by Cornwallis in 1793, the enormous number of 36 millions of the natives perished by the sword! (Horrible, horrible.) May it not be justly said, therefore, in the language of truth, that, “because of blood, the land mourneth.”

Will all great Neptune's ocean wash this blood  
Clean from this land? No: it will rather  
The multitudinous sea incarnadine,  
Making the green, one red.

In 1789 the repose of Europe was again disturbed, by an event as extraordinary as it was unexpected. France which for many centuries had groaned under a rigorous and unremitting tyranny, was about to throw off the yoke, and break her chains on the heads of her oppressors. She started from the dread repose of despotism, glowing with animated life and invigorating freedom. The temple of royalty was explored,

and the idol before which she had servilely bowed down was broken in pieces. On the 21st of September, 1792, the abolition of royalty was pronounced by the unanimous voice of the representatives of the nation, and the fabric of tyranny overthrown from its foundation. Shortly afterwards the unfortunate monarch was tried as a criminal by the nation, convicted, and finally executed.

These astonishing events struck terror and dismay into the hearts of all the despotic governments of Europe. They therefore lost no time in forming a combination for the re-establishment of the ancient order of things, with which the Court of London joined. The contest has lasted for upwards of twenty years, and its leading features must be fresh in the recollection of the greater part of this assembly. During its continuance, its pretended object assumed as many shapes as Proteus; for, at one time, it was the opening of the Scheldt, at another it was a "war of existing circumstances," and at another, we were fighting for "indemnity for the past, and security for the future;" but at length the turn of events has unfolded to us its true cause. (True, true.)

It now clearly appears that this nefarious contest has been carried on for no other object than the restoration of whatever was detestable, bigotted, and despotic in the discarded monarchies of Europe,—for no other purpose than that of again establishing

"The right divine of kings to govern wrong,"

and of laying the rising liberties of mankind once more prostrate at the footstool of tyranny. The Pope, the Jesuits, the Inquisition, and the Bourbons have been restored, and under their goodly auspices, Protestant massacres, and other legitimate atrocities now reign triumphant. In short, social order has been restored, the liberty of the press has been restored,—the liberties of Poland, and of Italy, of Genoa, of Saxony, and of Norway have been restored; (Shouts, and laughter) and for the share she has had in all these illustrious restorations, Great Britain has covered herself with glory! (Loud laughter.)

Such then are the blessings for which we have been so long contending. You all know the price they have cost. It was for these that an irredeemable debt of 1000 millions has been entailed upon this poor deluded country. It was for these, that the bloated advocates of corruption have squandered her resources, and plunged a patient and enduring people into the very jaws of ruin.

What remains, then? Are we to sit down, contented under our miseries, and make no effort to have them removed? Are we to copy the example of the Norwegians, which has been so feelingly recommended to us, who, when distress overtakes them, sit down, and die contented, resigned to the will of

Providence? No! there are legal and constitutional means of obtaining redress, and in the use of these, let us unceasingly persevere, until success has crowned our exertions. (Yes! yes.) Retrenchment and reform constitute the only remedy for the present distress, and to the attainment of these indispensable objects, let all our efforts—let the efforts of the whole nation, be steadily and constitutionally directed. Let the cry of retrenchment and reform be sounded at the foot of the throne from every corner of the island. The discharge of half a dozen petty clerks will not do. The whole system of expenditure must be reduced. All those noble sturdy beggars—(Laughter)—must also be discharged, who have fastened themselves like leeches upon the state, to suck from it every remaining portion of its vitality. The people must have their legal share in the government of the country—they must have the representatives of their own choosing. Nothing short of a thorough retrenchment ought to satisfy them—nothing short of a radical reform can save them. (True! true!) The sacrifices they have made, deserve some consideration. Their sufferings demand it.

Let us then be true to ourselves, and we are certain to succeed. The throne, indeed, is hemmed round by the faction that has wrought all our woe; but let us, nevertheless, persevere in addressing it. Our complaints will one day be heard, for the faction now feel that they are playing their last stake. At such a moment, then, when either the nation or the faction must fall, let all the wise and the virtuous unite. If their union be constitutional, and for constitutional objects, who shall dare to control or counteract it? While truth lies at the centre, the national mind must thither gravitate. A nation guided by truth is not to be resisted. Do we calculate on too much, when we expect retrenchment and reform from discussion and petitioning? Are we without example or encouragement, in looking for the recovery of our lost liberties, and prosperity from the diffusion of knowledge, that best light of the mind? How triumphed Luther, an obscure monk, over combined potentates, one of them wearing the triple crown? In defiance of their armies, did he not spread religious reformation over whole nations? And was it not by bold discussion and a resolute diffusion of knowledge, that our illustrious countryman John Knox, redeemed Scotland from the miserable follies and abominable superstitions of Popery? To doubt, therefore, the efficacy of union and discussion, is unworthy of an enlightened or a constant mind.

The British people are not annihilated, though their prosperity be fled! The Persians overran Attica, and laid Athens in ruins; but the Athenians expelled their invaders, and rebuilt their city. Norman and Stuart tyrants have successively beat down the whole fabric of British freedom; but not extir-

pating the people, that freedom each time rose again with fresh accessions of strength. Why then should not that people now do as their fathers have repeatedly done before them? In one word, why should they not Petition, Petition, till crowned with complete victory?

The length of Mr Gray's speech, and the pitch of voice which it was requisite to keep up, in order to be distinctly heard by so great a number of people, suggested the necessity of proposing some other person to relieve him in reading the resolutions. Mr Lang was requested here to lend his aid, and accordingly submitted to the meeting the resolutions prepared by the committee, which were received with the most marked applause, and passed without a dissenting voice.

Mr M'Arthur seconded the resolutions.—Gentlemen and Fellow-Townsmen—We are assembled to lay a state of our national grievances at the feet of our Prince. I trust this will be a glorious day for this great city. That it will be evinced to the world, that the soundness of intellect, the superior intelligence, regularity of conduct, and steadiness of principle for which the people of Scotland always were famed, are still alive amongst us. Let us not forget that the glorious Patriot William Wallace, bled and conquered on this very ground. The descendants of Wallace, Bruce, Buchanan, Knox, Belhaven, and Fletcher, still inhabit our dear native country. I hope that your deportment while here, and the manner of your retiring to your homes, will show your country you are worthy of the sacred cause of freedom and truth—a cause which will ere long make prejudice, falsehood, corruption and venality fly before it.

Mr Russell.—Countrymen, and Fellow-Citizens—You are this day met in the open fields, and not far from the tombs of the Martyrs, who, in former times, lost their lives for the cause of civil and religious liberty. At the Revolution in 1688, the prerogatives of the crown were defined, and the privileges of the people restored and guaranteed by the Bill of Rights. In that grand charter of British liberty, Article 5th, it is declared, "That it is the right of the subjects to petition the King, and all commitments and prosecutions for such petitioning are unlawful." Therefore, in exercising this right, you seek no favour, you ask nothing new, but you stand on the broad and firm basis of the constitution. These rights may be too far back for some of the borough faction—(loud laughter)—who have their own private interests to serve by opposing the calm and constitutional meetings of the people. But it is your right to meet and petition, not only the throne, but, according to custom, from time immemorial, both houses of the legislature. It is one of the fundamental and unalterable laws of the land, which you ought not to relinquish on any account whatever. The harpies of the faction may grin and growl and show their teeth, but so long as you are calm and constitutional, they



darena bite you. If they had one monthful of common sense, or any respect for the security and tranquility of the empire, they would never have opposed your legal meeting. They want to keep you in darkness and delusion, they are loath to part with their assumed power. They are afraid of you speaking about the corrupt state of the representation in parliament, the useless places and exorbitant pensions. But in so critical a period of our history, at such an alarming crisis of our country and at a time of such unparalleled distress, it is of the utmost importance that the free and honest opinion of this large and populous city, on the present state of the country, should be solemnly and publicly made known to the Prince Regent, and both houses of parliament. For had the opinion of the nation been fairly taken and listened to, in the days Charles I. and James II. much persecution and bloodshed would have been prevented, and in all probability, the one would not have lost his head, nor the other been obliged to fly from the kingdom. (True, very true) I must not detain you long, and shall only say, that, to trace the causes of the national distress, you must, as has been stated by a former speaker, go as far back as the commencement of the first American war, when the borough faction, no longer kept ineffective by a whig king, began to operate, and the national debt, and consequently the taxes, rapidly to accumulate. I pass over intermediate transactions, till you come to war against the French Revolution; and if the war with America was bad, this was ten times worse; from the length of time it continued, the enormous waste of blood and treasure it occasioned, and the insupportable load of debt and harrassing taxation it entailed upon the country. Still the spirit of the people bore up with the hope of better times, under the delusive idea that they were fighting for the preservation of their religion and liberty, their families and their fire-side, and that our very existence as a nation was at stake.

Now, the wars are over; which is one great blessing; but then, alas! they have been prosecuted so long, that our situation is most deplorable. We are loaded with about nine hundred millions annually of what they call national debt, and seventy millions of taxes—we are in a worse state than the Israelites of old were in Egypt. We are grievously harrassed and borne down with the salt tax, the leather tax, the soap tax, the candle tax, the sugar tax, the tea tax, the spirit tax, the licenses, the window light and house duty tax, the stamp tax, the man-servant tax, the cart tax, the horse tax, and the dog tax (Laughter), and with such a tremendous list of other taxes, that the very name of them is like to break our hearts and frighten us to death. To give you some idea of the amount of the taxes, it may be necessary to state, that supposing sixty thousand families in the city, averaged at ten pounds of rent each, it would take one whole year's rent of five

cities such as Glasgow, to produce one million, consequently it would take the rent of 350 such cities to produce the seventy millions. (Loud cries of shame, shame, from many voices.)

But what grieves us worst of all, is to think of the woeful result of all this waste of blood and treasure. The restoration of the bloody House of Bourbon to the throne of France, seemingly contrary to the wishes and will of at least nine-tenths of the French people—the restoration of the Pope and all his delusive train of priests, monks, nuns, friars, and siclike stuff, (Laughter) for whose downfall our clergymen once used zealously to pray—the restoration of the deceitful Jesuites—the restoration of the ungrateful and persecuting Ferdinand, and the horrible torments of the Inquisition. These, O cursed war, these are thy fruits ! and these have at least partly been accomplished by British gold, British blood, and British valour. Yes, partly by a people, the boast and pride of whose ancestors was, the glorious stand they made, and triumph they obtained over civil and religious tyranny and arbitrary power. Yet we, their degenerate and deluded sons, have once more, in the neighbouring nations, assisted to set up this system of tyranny and mass of abominations. (Cries of very true, very true.)

But think not that such a state of affairs can long continue—it is impossible. The march of the human mind is progressive and irresistible. The Almighty Being made mankind that they should be happy, he blesses the land with plenty ; and it is his will that all his creatures should share of his bounty. The locusts, therefore, and the caterpillars, the vultures and the drones will one day be shaken off, and that with a vengeance. I may therefore say, with your patriotic countryman, Thomson :—

————— See now the cause,  
 Why unassuming worth in secret liv'd,  
 And died, neglected ; why the good man's share  
   In life was gall and bitterness of soul ;  
 Why the lone widow and her orphans pin'd  
 In starving solitude ; while luxury,  
 In palaces, lay straining her low thought  
 To form unreal wants ; why heav'n-born truth,  
 And moderation fair, wore the red marks  
 Of superstition's scourge ; why licens'd pain,  
 That cruel spoiler, that embosom'd foe,  
 Imbitter'd all our bliss. Ye good distrest !  
 Ye noble few ! who here unbending stand  
 Beneath life's pressure, yet bear up a while,  
 And what your bounden view, which only saw  
 A little part, deem'd Evil, is no more !

The oppression of the Bourbons, the deranged state of their finances, produced the French Revolution. When France became a republic, the enthusiastic valour of her citizen soldiers,

swept the mighty armies of the kings and emperors before them, like chaff before the whirlwind—Buonaparte started up—the energy of the republicans, with his generalship, nothing could withstand, till his desertion of the principles of freedom, his thirst of imperial dignity and universal dominion, justly wrought his downfall. During the din of arms and horrors of war on the continent, their manufactures and commerce were at a stand, and as the battle was kept from our gates, we recruited, we rose, we flourished—our manufactures were extended tenfold—our commerce covered the ocean. The rent of the land advanced to in many cases, triple its former value, the price of provisions rose also, and owing to the high rate of manufacturing wages, the people from the country cottages crowded into the towns—such was our state at the end of the war.

But peace being restored, the unnatural stimulus withdrawn, the market is left glutted with goods; the people on the continent resume the peaceful arts of husbandry, trade, and commerce; our demand declines, our ships are laid up; still the landed proprietors keep up the price of their land, and against the united voices of the nation, the corn bill was lately passed, for fear provisions here should become as low as on the continent. (Shame, Shame.) In this state of affairs, many of the tenants could not pay their rents, many of them were roused to the door; an almost general bankruptey takes place among the merchants, prices for weaving and winding, tambouring and sewing, fall so much that the operatives are brought to the very brink of starvation. As a proof of this, a 1200 4-4th jaconet, that an ordinary weaver can work five ells of in a day, in good times, was paid at 5½d an ell, and three half-pence on the shilling for loom rent and utensils, making the daily wage about 2s 4d. But this work is now reduced to three half-pence or two-pence an ell, and other work in proportion; making the daily wage now only about 10d. (Not so much, not so much!) I would therefore ask any high-titled pensioner or sinecure placeman, how it is possible that a man and his family, at the present price of provisions, can support themselves on 5s a week, or deposit anything in George Rose's saving bank? Farther, I may say it without fear of contradiction, that there is not in Glasgow three shopkeepers or warehousemen out of ten, that are clearing their rents and expenses. The distress complained of, is therefore not confined to the working classes, but is felt generally all over the kingdom; it is not ideal only, but is real and personal, and deserves the most instant and serious attention of the Prince Regent and Legislature. But it may be asked, what can government do to relieve the general distress, when they themselves are in distress to collect sufficient taxes to pay the interest of the National Debt, the ordinary charges of the State, the standing army, the placemen,



and the pensioners. I would, however, beg leave to tell t<sup>he</sup> m<sup>en</sup> retrench, gentlemen, retrench, abolish all useless sinecure places and pensions, disband a hundred thousand of the standing army, reduce the interest of the national debt, give the people a free and equal representation in parliament; and again I would say, reduce the taxes, and retrench every possible expenditure, before it be too late; before desperation drives the people to madness. (Cries of yes, yes, if they be wise they will do it.) With the great Charter of British Liberty in our hands, we say, pray, gentlemen, give us our rights. Section 8th of that Charter declares, "That the election of members of parliament ought to be free" Section 13th, proclaims, "That for redress of all grievances, and for the amending, strengthening, and preserving of the laws, parliaments ought to be held frequently;" the ancient custom in the good days of our forefathers was annually; and by another grand charter, obtained at the succession of the House of Hanover, Article 7th, it is proclaimed as with a voice of thunder, against the inroads of corruption, "That no person, who has any office under the king, or receives a pension from the crown, shall be capable of serving as a member of the House of Commons."

Now, gentlemen, it is notorious, that places in that house are bought and sold like cattle at a market, and that it swarms with placemen and pensioners. (Cries of shame, shame.) We therefore beg, we pray, we intreat the Prince Regent immediately to assemble the parliament, and to sweep out of the House of Commons all these pensioners, for by the act of settlement they ought not to be there. Let the house be filled up with representatives, freely and fairly chosen by the people. You know the constitutional government of this country is composed of king, lords and commons. The king possesses his full share of power and influence: the bishops and peers constitute the House of Lords, so they are completely represented. The House of Commons should consequently contain a free and equal representation of all the taxable householders in the kingdom. It should be in fact the fair and manly image of the people. (True, true.)

It is notorious, however, that a few wealthy individuals called the rotten borough faction, send a majority of what they call representatives to that house. This want of a proper representation is the great national grievance, and the fatal source of all our woe. For I maintain that it is more than probable, had this country possessed a proper representation in parliament, both the American and French wars, and such a mass of misery, debt, and taxation, might have been avoided, and this country at this day might have been free, flourishing, and happy. One glaring proof of the want of a proper representation is to be found in this very City, which, with its suburbs, contains a population of one hundred and

twenty thousand. Now, except a small number, called the Magistrates and Council, who are a self-elected body, not one of the whole one hundred and twenty thousand has any more to say in choosing a Member of Parliament, than they have in choosing the Dey of Algiers, the Emperor of Morocco, or the Grand Turk.—(Shameful.)

The House of Commons may be compared to a fertile piece of land that a man inclosed with walls, and planted therein the choicest trees, fruits, and flowers; but if he neglects yearly to prune, clean, and cultivate the gardens, it will soon be so overrun with weeds and vermin, as totally to ruin all his former labour and expense. So this House, although sheltered with the best of Charters, unless annually renewed by the free suffrages of the people, will, instead of a blessing, be only a rank nuisance to the country.—From all that has been said, it may be observed, that, seeing the great negociator, Lord Castlereagh, has been so busily employed in settling the claims of the legitimate sovereigns, as totally to forget procuring for this country any proper commercial treaty, the people must look to themselves—they must Petition, and Petition, and Petition in an orderly manner, and with perseverance, until they obtain their just rights, until they obtain that grand palladium of British liberty, a full and free Representation in the House of Commons; for until that is obtained, we have no proper security for our persons, our lives, or our liberty.

Government, and the great landed proprietors, seeing the situation of the country at the end of the war, in order to employ the mass of operatives thrown out of employment, should have begun some great national improvement, such as a grand canal from one end of the island to the other; they ought also to have ordered into cultivation all the waste lands of the kingdom, they should have rebuilt the cottages in the country, so that every man that could work, and wished for it, might, at an easy rent, obtain a little cabin, an acre of land, and a cow's grass.—(Loud applause)—Lest I should trespass on your patience, I shall finish at present, by earnestly admonishing this immense multitude, to set this day one great example of due subordination, order, and regularity. Let the whole nation, whose eyes are now fixed upon you, see that you are not a rabble, that you are not a swinish multitude, but that while you meet peaceably to petition for your rights, you also know your duty as good citizens.—(Shouts of applause, and waving of hats.)—Therefore, after this great day's work is over, it is hoped that you will, every one, in peace and good order, retire to your respective dwellings, having this for your motto—"British freedom for ever—Order, and Perseverance!"—(Loud and long applause.)

Mr LANG succeeded, and addressed the Meeting as follows:—

Fellow-Citizens and Townsmen—the purposes for which we have this day met, is perhaps the most important that can come under the consideration of men who call themselves free. It is nothing less than to exercise the privilege which the Laws and Constitution of our beloved country authorise—to convey to our Sovereign the grievances of his subjects. Never was there a period in our history when this was more necessary. Truth, it is said, seldom reaches the ears of Kings; hence the greater is the necessity for the subject carrying his complaints to the foot of the throne. The duty of good and loyal subjects imposes this upon us; and if those men whom the Sovereign calls to his councils interrupt, or conceal, these complaints, they are responsible, not we, if the concealing from the Royal ear the just grievances of the subject, should be attended with consequences of the most alarming nature.—(True, true.)—The Constitution of our country supposes the King can do no wrong; every act of his government proceeds from responsible counsellors; but unhappily responsibility is now but a mere name, and so long as the House of Commons remains what it is it never will be otherwise. All the grievances we complain of, all the sufferings we endure, are to be traced to this source, the misrepresentation of the People in the House of Commons.—(Loud cries of Glasgow for ever!)

This is no vision of fancy, it is as notorious as the light of day. The people of Britain have suffered so much under this system, that their eyes have been open long ago to its abuses, and the inroads and innovations which it has made in the Constitution. Indeed, it may be asked, how is it possible it can be otherwise, when it is a fact, that of the 513 Members returned for England and Wales to the House of Commons, 162 individuals and the Treasury return 306, and 90 Members of that House share among them annually upwards of £200,000 of the public money?—(Cries of shame, shame.)—Under these circumstances, is it consistent with reason or common sense—is it in human nature, to resist the temptation which the Minister possesses of influencing that House? Nay more, as if all this power and influence which the Minister possesses over the House of Commons were insufficient, no less a sum than £262,000 are annually shared among fifty-six Members of the House of Peers, for what purpose we can be at no loss to guess, when it is notorious, that, although by the law of the land, they are expressly prohibited from interfering in, or influencing the election of Members to the House of Commons, they are actually proprietors of some of those rotten boroughs in England, where, although there are not in some more than four voters, and in others not exceeding twenty, yet they return two Members each to the House of Commons.—(Scandalous, scandalous.)

Again, when we know that they hold a lease of their seats

in that House for seven years, unless for accomplishing some purpose of the Minister Parliament may be sooner dissolved, can we wonder at the little attention which is paid to public opinion, or that the voice of the constituent is totally disregarded by the Representative? The Constitution hath not placed the independency of the House of Commons upon the riches, honour, or virtue of the Members of that House; but she hath placed it upon an impossibility of its being corrupted. She hath placed it upon the abundant number of electors, and the constant annual exercise of their constitutional powers of election. Till this object be accomplished, there can never be established an infallible remedy against corruption; because no corruption can stick upon a body of men that is continually changing, or which may be changed, according to the opinions of the electors every year. As standing water soon stagnates, and a running stream throws out all impurities, so a standing House of Commons will ever be a standing pool of corruption; but an annual current through that House, will restore it to its pristine purity, and preserve it incorrupt for ever. (Shouting.) Nothing less than reverting to the first principles of the Constitution, and the constant annual exercise of the elective power, can make this nation free and happy. It is the first duty of the people to watch over the first principles of the Constitution, and to take care that they be not evaded by any power in the state; they must never cease demanding, not as a favour, but as a right, the election of their Representatives. Unless this be obtained, our liberties are in the most imminent risk, and the country will be ruined, if, indeed, this remain to be done. (Cries of True, true.)

Here then lies the root of all our evils. Instead of the House of Commons being the organ of the public will, it can, in no sense of the term, be said to be so, but simply that of these who return the Members to that house; and these we know bear no proportion to the population. Were that House composed of the real Representatives of the people, would we have been engaged for upwards of twenty years in a war entered into for the purpose of crushing the liberties of mankind, and establishing despotism in Europe? (No, no!) Would we have shed so much blood, and squandered such immense treasures, for the purpose of restoring the legitimate dynasties of France, of Spain, of Germany, and Italy? Would we, as we are at this day, been sinking under a load of debt (falsely called National,) to pay the very interest of which, is at least triple the whole national revenue before the war? Would we have heard of the people of England being let out to the highest bidder, by the Parish Officers, while so many hundred thousands of pounds are annually swallowed up by certain other classes, who have been justly called great Paupers?

(Loud laughing.) Would we see 13 Members of the Cabinet annually in the receipt of salaries to the amount of £124,000, independent of the indefinable emoluments which result from other sources of gain? Would we have heard of the buying and selling of seats in the Commons House, justified from its notoriety—(Never, never—shameful.)

Let us now, however, look at home, and see what is our own situation. In Scotland we can scarcely be said to have a voice in the election of our Representatives. Those returned for the 33 Counties are sent to Parliament by less than 2700 voters, and those from the Burghs by about 98 voters. And who, do you think, these are? Why, the respective Town Councils, who are themselves self-elected bodies, each chooses a Deputy, who, with the three or four other Deputies from the particular district of Burghs classed together for choosing a Representative, exercise this important right for you, and you are no more consulted in the choice of the Representative, than if you were mere stocks. Very different, however, is our situation with regard to the Tax-gatherer, he calls regularly at every door. (Laughter, and loud cries of true, true.) Now, certainly nothing can be more fair, than, if we are called on to contribute a portion of the public burdens, we should be allowed to give our sanction to our Representative in the House of Commons, before we should be so taxed. But we are told that certain taxes only affect the rich; and by others, that the labouring classes do not contribute one farthing to the national expenditure. (False—we say all.) Can any thing be more impudent than this? Writers on finance, have, on the other hand, however, clearly shown, that one half of the earnings of every man is paid to the Government. There is not a necessary of life, or an article that the poor man needs, but it is taxed; and yet these persons have the effrontery to tell us, we are completely beyond the power of Government to tax us.—(Not true, false.)

But we are told that the present distress is occasioned merely by a transition from war to peace, and that things will soon come to their proper level. This may all be very true, were measures adopted for restoring this level. But what is the fact? Have not the salaries of every public servant been increased more than once, enormous as many of them are, during the war, and for doing which the reason assigned was, the advance of all the necessaries of life? Why are not these salaries then reduced to the peace level? It is surely unjust in the highest degree, to keep up one class to the level of the war rate, and reduce another below the level of even the price of the necessaries of life in a time of peace? This may be called reducing things to a level, but to me it appears a very singular kind of levelling: and a very different process must be adopted before the balance be adjusted, or the mountains become plains. (Loud laughing.)



No disinterested man believes that any other remedy but a reformed House of Commons can be found, or applied, for the gross abuses we complain of. But though our enemies know and admit this, they say this is not the time for Reform. This, however, is mere cant; for, if we let it alone till their time come, I can tell you that will never be. In war, they say, hold your peace about Reform, we have enough to do to repel our enemies from our shores. When peace comes, let us hear nothing about Reform, now we are at peace, let us remain in peace and quietness. So that neither war nor peace is a proper time for Reform with these time-serving hypocrites. (True.) A grand charge brought against the friends of Reform is, that it will breed confusion; and that all who are favourable to it are Jacobins, Anarchists, nay, blood-thirsty men. What consummate impudence is this? I will venture to assert, that if the mode of election by ballot were to be adopted, and every man to give in his vote for his Representative to the schoolmaster of the parish, nothing like the confusion, dissipation, and disgraceful conduct which attend the present mode of election in England, could ever happen. This plan is so simple, that not one-thousandth part of the machinery requisite for the collection of the Property Tax would be necessary; and did this plan admit of some hundreds of places for the creatures of the Ministers doubtless it would have been adopted long ago. (True, true.) But as it would to a certainty have a contrary effect, the minions and dependants of those in power, tremble for their pensions, their places, and sinecures, and with unparalleled effrontery, pronounce the present system the best which can be adopted, and that Parliament cannot be made purer than what it is. Be not deceived, my fellow citizens, with such jargon. Let us be determined to act most perseveringly, but prudently, till this object be attained, and he must be a hardy Minister indeed, who can resist the general voice of the people, openly declared from Johnny Groats' House to the Land's-End. The very contemptible and unconstitutional opposition which has been made to our meeting this day, and which has compelled us, if we say we inherit one particle of the spirit of our forefathers, to assemble in the open fields, for the purpose of asserting our rights as Britons, will, I trust, prove to our enemies, that so long as we guide ourselves according to the laws, that their opposition is in vain, and that we will not abandon an iota of our rights; but, on the contrary, assert them with the firmness of free-men, and treat with scorn every attempt to prevent us. (Shouts of, We will, and yes, yes.)

A paper was handed to the hustings proposing a vote of thanks to the Independent Newspapers, which, having been submitted to the Meeting, was, with the other resolutions, carried by acclamation. It was proposed to read the resolutions a second time, and consider them seriatim; but cries of "There is no need for that—no need whatever," superseded the proposal.

Mr M'Leod then spoke as follows. This day I cannot help feeling a more than ordinary degree of pleasure on perceiving the spirited exertions which are making in order to procure a Reform in Parliament. I am proud to consider myself as one of those citizens who hail with delight the anticipation of a favourable issue to such a laudable and patriotic measure; and I cannot help paying my tribute of gratitude and respect to those Gentlemen who have particularly exerted themselves on this occasion. The resolutions which have been read are a faithful and just statement of our distresses; nor do they, in my opinion, contain the slightest exaggeration.

At a time like the present, when the great bulk of the population is reduced to the lowest degree of wretchedness, it is necessary that the loudest demands should be made for retrenching the enormous expense of the civil list. When we see the most daring encroachments made upon our liberties, when we see our Parliament metamorphosed into a rotten faction, and our constitutional rights unattended to—when we see that constitution, once the boast and glory of Britons, mutilated and destroyed, it is high time that the people assert their dignity, and paralyze the efforts of their enemies. The decay of those liberties which our fathers purchased with their blood, has increased to an alarming and dreadful extent. Corruption stalks abroad at noon-day in all the impudent majesty of presumption. There once was a time when it would have dreaded the light, and shrunk from the inspection of Britons, but the opposition it has met with of late has been but feeble, and we now behold it in all the ugliness of its deformity. If there remains but one spark of that glorious fire which burned in the bosoms of our fathers, it will kindle into a flame, and reduce to ashes the very recesses of corruption. Let the heavy calamities which surround us, in consequence of misrule, thunder in the ears of our rulers; and if a latent spirit of purity remains among them, it will compel them to restore to us those rights of which we have been so long and so shamefully deprived. Nothing remains to be done, but to lay our complaints at the foot of the throne—and petition for an end to our sufferings; and it is to be hoped that the justice of our cause will insure success. There is greater need for this exertion on our part, when we consider the present awful state of the country—the almost total destruction of our commercial interests. When we see the hard earned morsel snatched from the mouths of our families to be bestowed upon the props of corruption, and no seeming desire to relieve us—when we see that the heart's-blood of the nation has been poured out on carrying on a long and diabolical war against the true interests of the world, and that in this case we have been miserably cajoled, it is necessary that we should lift up our own voices against oppression, and demand our rights before it be too late.



It is not "an ignorant impatience of taxation" that will prompt to this measure. I am bold to say we are neither ignorant nor impatient. That ignorance which is attributed to us, is a feeling of our own actual distress, brought on by a corrupt Parliament; and the impatience which it is said we manifest, is only a reasonable desire to be eased of an overwhelming load of taxation, and which any other men than Britons could not have supported. An ignorant impatience of taxation would have been open rebellion, and in this case only that epithet might be just; but I believe we are too well informed to wish for such an event. Let us be modest, then, but firm, in demanding our rights, and let us show by our conduct that we only ask from our Prince that Constitution which he himself has sworn to preserve inviolate.

I conclude, Fellow-citizens, by intimating, that, not being a member of this Committee, I beg leave to move, that the thanks of this assembly be given to those gentlemen who so nobly brought about the meeting, notwithstanding the puny and contemptible efforts which have been made by those in authority to frustrate it.

The motion was carried with loud applause; and the meeting was dissolved.

At the conclusion of the business, Mr Lang stepped forward, and said, Gentlemen, Let me recommend to this immense multitude, where there are not fewer than 40,000 persons present, (a tremendous shout, heard nearly a mile's distance) quietly to return to your homes, and not to give a handle to the enemies of the cause to say, that a single individual present misbehaved himself. Let me also request that you will be so good as retire slowly from the Hustings, that no injury be done to any person present, nor to the property of the gentleman who has accommodated us this day. (We will, we will.)

In a few days the petition will be laid before you for signature, and, I trust, that a roll will be formed, to be laid at the foot of the throne, thick as a porter hogshead.—(Loud Huzzas!)

## RESOLUTIONS.

At a very numerous and respectable Meeting of the BURGESSES and other Inhabitants of Glasgow, held in an open field at THRUSHGROVE, on Tuesday the 29th instant, to consider the propriety of Petitioning his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, and the Legislature, on the present distressed state of the country.

JAMES TURNER, Esq. of Thrushgrove, in the Chair.

The following Resolutions were unanimously agreed to:—

1st, That the distress which at present pervades the agricul-

tural, the commercial, and the manufacturing interests of Great Britain, and which presses with peculiar severity on the labouring classes, is, in magnitude and extent, unparalleled in the annals of the country, and, in its nature and causes, so far beyond the reach of ordinary expedients, as to make us tremble for our future prosperity and welfare, and anticipate, if effectual remedies are not shortly applied, the speedy approach of an awful and alarming crisis.

2d, That this City and neighbourhood have their full share of the overwhelming calamities of the time, and add another to the many proofs already furnished from other parts of the country, that the present distress is neither temporary, partial, nor local; for they contain upwards of 40,000 weavers and other mechanics, many thousands of whom, in consequence of the almost total stagnation of trade, and the sweeping torrent of bankruptcy which has followed it, are either wholly unemployed, or earning such a miserable and scanty pittance as only mocks existence; and what aggravates the bitterness of their feelings, and indeed, the feelings of the whole community, under that load of misery which they have long patiently borne, and to which they can, at present, see no end, is the apathy and indifference with which these who ought to be the guardians of the public welfare, have hitherto contemplated, in the midst of their profusion and extravagance, the destruction of our trade both foreign and domestic, and the long train of fearful and appalling evils under which a great proportion of the people were consequently labouring.

3d, That it is a gross insult on the common sense and understanding of the nation to be told by those who have been chiefly instrumental in bringing the country into its present calamitous situation, that all its distresses have been occasioned by a "sudden transition from a state of war to a state of peace," while they are so obviously the natural consequences of that unnecessary, ruinous, and sanguinary war, which has been carried on for upwards of 20 years in opposition to the wishes, and often repeated remonstrances of the great majority of the people; a war that had its commencement in injustice, that was carried on in folly, and that has at length terminated in tyranny, after entailing upon the people of Great Britain a debt (unjustly called national) amounting to nearly 1000 millions sterling, the interest of which is about 45 millions, and this, added to the current expenses of a profuse and extravagant Government, constitutes a grand total of 70 millions annually to be wrung from the exertions of that industry which these immense burdens have long since paralyzed and ruined, and which, in all probability, can bear up but little longer under the enormous pressure.

4th, That we cannot but reflect with the utmost shame and indignation on the results of this long and arduous contest, and

on the disgraceful and unworthy purposes for which the burdens requisite for carrying it on have been imposed upon the country, for in all the treaties to which its termination has led, the commercial interests of Great Britain have been wholly overlooked,—the interests of Kings, in opposition to the interests of the people, have alone been stipulated for,—the solemn promises and oft repeated declarations of Government, that it had no intention of interfering with the internal concerns of any country, but only of contending, in conjunction with its High Allies, for the liberty and independence of Europe, have all been falsified and broken; and thus, the faith and honour of the country wounded and compromised; in proof of which, we have only to refer to the forcible re-establishment of the despicable family of Bourbon on the throne of France, to the restoration of the Pope in Italy, and of the Jesuits and the Inquisition in Spain, and in short, to the re-establishment everywhere of that bigotry and despotism, which disgraced the darkest periods of European history; the whole filling us with the most anxious concern, not only for our own civil and religious liberties, but also for the civil and religious liberties of the whole of Europe; and teaching us in the most convincing manner, what is the true nature of those objects for which our Government has been so long and so pertinaciously contending, and for which this much abused yet patiently suffering nation has been called upon to shed so much blood, spend so much treasure, and ultimately to ruin itself.

5th, That surrounded as we are with the most fearful and appalling evils, we cannot but view with the most serious alarm, the determination of his Majesty's Ministers to bid defiance to the just wishes and expectations of the people for economy and retrenchment; expectations which, from the recommendation to economy contained in the speech from the throne, at the opening of last Session of Parliament, we had every reason to hope would not be disappointed; and our alarm is the more increased, because since that time we have heard the complaints of the country against the tardiness and unwillingness of Ministers to make the necessary retrenchments, insultingly denominated by one of themselves, "an ignorant impatience of taxation;" and because we have seen these Ministers, in despite of the growing distresses of the nation, persist in the most lavish waste and expenditure of the public money; calling for immense sums to meet the cravings of an insatiable Civil List; increasing, instead of diminishing, the exorbitant salaries of public officers; creating new offices with large salaries annexed to them; adding to, instead of reducing, the already overgrown list of unmerited pensions and sinecures; and to crown all, because we have seen them in a time of profound peace, keep up an enormous standing army of 149,000 men, one part of which, in open contempt of those principles which placed the House of Brunswick on the

British Throne is employed abroad for the purpose of supporting on the Throne of France, a family obnoxious to the majority of the people, and the other part at home, for purposes which we cannot but think highly dangerous to all those rights, liberties, and privileges which as Britons we have hitherto considered to be our birthright and inheritance.

6th, That it is the decided conviction of this Meeting, that the grand and primary cause of all the evils under which the country now suffers, is the radically defective and corrupt state of the representation in the Commons House; and that it is solely in consequence of this that the people have been deprived of their legal share in the Government of the country, that they have lost all constitutional controul over those who should be the guardians of the public purse, that they no longer possess any security for the enjoyment of their legal rights, liberties, and privileges, that their property has been placed at the mercy of a corrupt and usurping Borough Faction, and that Ministers, through the preponderating weight of an undue influence, have been enabled to prosecute those iniquitous measures which have at length brought the country to the verge of ruin.

7th, That it is a fact but too well authenticated, that the great majority of the people, in Scotland at least, have no voice in the election of Members of Parliament, and consequently, no guarantee whatever for the undisturbed enjoyment of any one of their legal rights and privileges; for, although Scotland contains near two millions of inhabitants, yet, in the election of the 15 members returned to Parliament from the 66 Royal Burghs, 98 persons only are permitted to have a voice, and the 30 members for the Counties are chosen by about 2600, making about 2700 in all, who are strictly and properly speaking, represented in Parliament, and who, in justice, ought alone to be held responsible for that share of the public debt and other burdens, which their Representatives have entailed upon the country.

8th, That, under all the alarming, the distressing, and the degrading circumstances which have now been specified, it is the decided opinion of this meeting, that there is no other means of relief, no other way of satisfying and tranquilizing the minds of the people, for the present, or of securing them, for the future, but by a complete change of the political system of administration, by a return from wrong to right, and from injustice to justice, by an immediate reduction of all unnecessary public burdens, and the practice of economy in every department of the public expenditure, and above all, by speedily returning to the first principles of the constitution, and restoring to the people their undoubted right, that of freely, equally, and annually electing their own Representatives to Parliament.

9th, That, when the inveterate nature of the present system of corruption is considered, and the power and number of that

detestable faction which is interested in supporting it, are taken into view, we hold it to be the imperious duty of all who are anxious to see Britain once more a free and a flourishing country, and who wish well to her true interests and honour, to fix their minds steadily on the real causes of the present distress, to unite their energies, and to persevere, in a legal and constitutional way, but at the same time with the utmost firmness, in demanding of our Rulers, not as a favour but a right, the immediate consideration of the nation's grievances, and the adoption of such measures and arrangements as shall most effectually remove the present distresses, and guard the country for the future against the recurrence of similar evils.

10th, That a Petition, founded on these Resolutions, be presented to his Royal Highness the Prince Regent, requesting that he will assemble Parliament without delay, and call upon it immediately to devise measures for the reduction of the Taxes and the Standing Army, the abolition of all Pensions, Sinecures, Grants, and other Emoluments, not merited by public services, and the adoption of the most rigid economy in every department of the State; and, above all, call upon it to take immediate steps towards a thorough and radical reform, in the Commons House; towards the total destruction of that system of Borough Usurpation, which is equally hostile to the rights of the Crown and the privileges of the People, and towards the exclusion from the Commons House, in all time coming, of those Placemen, Pensioners, and Holders of Offices under the Crown, who now devour upwards of £200,000 of the Taxes annually, in the face of the Act of Settlement, which declares, that "No person who has an office, or place of profit under the King, or receives a Pension from the Crown, shall be capable of serving as a Member of the House of Commons." 12 W. III. ch. 2.

11th, That Petitions, embodying the spirit of these Resolutions, be also prepared for both Houses of Parliament, and presented immediately on the opening of the Session.

12th, That a Committee be appointed for conducting these Petitions.

13th, That this Meeting recommend it to every Town and Village in Scotland, to declare their sentiments on the present state of the country.

14th, That the thanks of this Meeting be given to the Right Hon. Lord Archibald Hamilton, the Right Hon. the Lord Mayor and Livery of London, the Independent Electors of Westminster, Sir Francis Burdett, Lord Cochrane, Major Cartwright, Wm. Cobbett, Esq., and the members of the Hamden Club, for their unwearied exertions in the cause of Parliamentary Reform.

15th, That the especial thanks of this Meeting are due to Mr Turner, for the accommodation he has afforded the Burgesses and other Inhabitants of the City on this occasion, and for his able conduct in the Chair.



16th, That the thanks of this Meeting be given to the Editors of the Glasgow Chronicle, Morning Chronicle, Statesman, Globe, and Aberdeen Chronicle Newspapers, for their great exertions in our cause in particular, and the liberty of mankind in general; and to all independent Conductors of Newspapers throughout the Empire, this Meeting being well aware that the Liberty of the Press is the palladium of all the civil and religious rights of Britons.

17th, That by the Bill of Rights, it is declared, "That it is the right of the subject to petition the King, and all commitments and prosecutions for such petitioning, are unlawful;—Therefore, it is the opinion of this Meeting, that James Black, Esq., Lord Provost of this City, by his expressed determination to prevent, by all the means in his power, the Meeting of the Inhabitants in the Public Green, which belongs to the Burgesses and Community of the City, for the purpose of exercising their Constitutional Right of petitioning their Prince and the Legislature, (the Trades' Hall, and every other suitable place within doors, having been also refused,) hath thereby, as far as his influence extended, been instrumental in preventing the inhabitants from exercising their unalienable right of petitioning the Throne, and hath consequently forfeited all claim to the confidence of every Burgess and other Inhabitant, present at this Meeting.

18th, That in the opinion of this Meeting, such conduct in our Chief Magistrate, shows evidently the danger to which the municipal, as well as the national rights of the people of Glasgow are exposed, and calls loudly on the Burgesses, without delay, to employ every legal means for obtaining the free election of their Magistrates and Town Council, and their being made accountable to the Burgesses for the expenditure of the City Revenue.

19th, That these Resolutions be published in the Glasgow Chronicle, and such other Newspapers as the Committee may judge proper.

JAMES TURNER.

#### PETITION.

TO HIS ROYAL HIGHNESS THE PRINCE REGENT.  
The PETITION of the undersigned, Burgesses and other  
Inhabitants of the CITY OF GLASGOW.

May it please your Royal Highness,

THE present alarming situation of our beloved country impels us, as good subjects, to approach your Royal Highness with out complaints and grievances. The distress which at present pervades the Agricultural, the Commercial, and Manufacturing Interests of Great Britain, and which presses with peculiar severity on the labouring classes, is unparalleled in the history of our country—makes us tremble for our future prosperity, and anticipate, if effectual remedies are not speedily applied, the approach of an awful and alarming crisis. That the Inhabitants of this City and neighbourhood have their full share of the national

calamity—many thousands endure the greatest privations, and are reduced to a state of beggary and want. The stagnation of trade in general, has thrown thousands out of employment; and the manufacturing classes in particular, are earning such a miserable and scanty pittance, as only to mock existence. Sire, your subjects are dissatisfied; and to your Royal Highness we now confidently look for relief.

We trust that your Royal Highness will readily perceive that our distresses are not occasioned by a “sudden transition from a state of war to a state of peace,” but that they are the consequences of the ruinous and sanguinary war in which we have been involved for upwards of twenty years—a war which appears to have been persisted in for destroying the liberties of other countries, and establishing bigotry, intolerance, and despotism all over the world. That while this has been the result of the war to other nations, to us, the consequences have been a load of debt amounting to a thousand millions sterling; besides, to defray the charges of a profuse and extravagant Government, an intolerable load of Taxation in time of Peace, of seventy millions annually, to be wrung from the exertions of that industry, which these immense burdens have long since paralyzed and ruined; and which, in all probability, can bear up but little longer under the enormous pressure.

It is, moreover, with the deepest regret, we have witnessed the recommendation of economy from the Throne, at the opening of last Session of Parliament, totally disregarded by the Ministers of your Royal Highness, who, in place of adopting measures of retrenchment in every department of the State, have, on the contrary, been calling for immense sums to meet the cravings of an insatiable Civil List; increasing, instead of diminishing the enormous salaries of Public Officers; creating new Offices, with large salaries annexed to them; adding to the list of unmerited Pensions and Sinecures; and in a time of profound peace, keeping up an enormous Standing Army of 149,000 men; one part of which, in contempt of those principles which placed your Royal House upon the British Throne, is employed in supporting on the Throne of France, a family obnoxious to the great majority of that people, and the other part at home, for purposes which we cannot but think highly dangerous to our Rights and Liberties.

Sire, we can have no hesitation in tracing all these evils to the present state of the Representation of the People in the Commons House, where a Borough Faction not only holds the Crown, but even the lives, the liberty, and the property of the people under their despotic will and controul. In Scotland, particularly, which contains nearly two millions of inhabitants, those who are styled our Representatives are returned to Parliament by about twenty-seven hundred voters, a number so small



out of such a population, that it may almost be said the people have no voice in their election.

Wherefore, seeing the necessity of speedy and effectual relief, we earnestly pray your Royal Highness, forthwith to assemble Parliament, and by a gracious Message from the Crown, call upon it immediately to devise measures for the reduction of the Taxes and the Standing Army;—the abolition of all Pensions, Sinecures, Grants, and other Emoluments not merited by public services;—the adoption of the most rigid economy in every department of the State—and above all, for restoring to the People, before it be too late, the right of FREELY, EQUALLY, and ANNUALLY, electing their own Representatives.

The following letter was forwarded to Mr Turner a few days after the Thrushgrove Meeting, by M. Stewart Nicholson, Esq. :—

(Copy.)

St. James's square, 6th November, 1816.

I will not allow you to forget me quite before my death, whatever you may do after it.

In short, the missive by this post contains principles and opinions fit, as I think, to be disseminated at all times in these kingdoms, and now more than ever. Do you know Mr Turner of Thrushgrove enough to communicate the said missive to him, with two sober hints dictated by long experience on the subject of Parliamentary Reform? 1st, That in our and every other rational constitution, the populace are not the people. On that principle, I conclude that the late meeting at Glasgow was as respectable for its quality or composition as for its numbers. 2dly, That a powerful standing army, under a resolute commander, can easily dissolve a Parliament, as Cromwell did on the 20th April, 1653,—but that I never heard of a Parliament able, if it were so disposed, to dissolve a powerful standing army.

Yours,

P. FRANCIS.

(Addressed)—M. Stewart Nicholson, Esq.

About this time the seeds of mischief were sown broadcast in and about Glasgow by a parcel of hired mercenaries, which terminated in the unfortunate affair at Bonnymuir. Many individuals were apprehended at this period. Among others, Mr Turner was apprehended on a warrant

for high treason, and was detained a prisoner for ten days.

Mr Turner was not apprised at the time that he had committed any crime; but on the 9th April, 1820, at five o'clock in the morning, his house was entered by Mr Salmond, the Fiscal, who was at the head of a military party. Mr Turner had no idea, when he heard the noise, of what was going on, and when he asked the meaning of the military display, he was merely told that he was a prisoner, and was not allowed to read the warrant on which he was apprehended.

We subjoin copy of the warrant, &c. :—

Glasgow, April 8th, 1820.

Unto the honourable the Sheriff-Depute of  
Lanarkshire, or his Substitute,

The Petition of Sir William Rae of St. Catharine's,  
Baronet, his Majesty's Advocate for his Majesty's  
interest,

Humbly Sheweth,—That the petitioner has received information that James Turner of Thrushgrove is guilty of high treason, actor or art and part, by having joined in the present insurrection, being possessed of and having borne arms in furtherance thereof, and of levying, and of inciting the subjects of our Lord the King to levy, war against his Majesty within his realm, in order to effect the overthrow of the Constitution as by law established.

May it therefore please your Lordship to grant warrant to apprehend, and bring for examination, the said James Turner, and thereafter to imprison him as accused of high treason, till liberated in due course of law: further grant warrant to search the repositories of the said James Turner for all papers connected with said charge, and to cite and precognosce witnesses.—According to justice.

(Signed) JOHN HOPE, A.D.

Having considered this petition, grants warrant as craved.

R. HAMILTON.

Glasgow, 8th April, 1820.

14th April 1820.

George Salmond, Procurator Fiscal of Court, represents to your Lordship that the said James Turner was duly apprehended in consequence of the foregoing warrant, and that, from the present circumstances of the county, it was impossible

sooner, consistently with the ends of public justice, to bring the said James Turner before your Lordship for examination; and the said Procurator Fiscal now craves that the said James Turner be examined, and thereafter committed to the Tolbooth or Bridewell of Glasgow for further examination, or until liberated in due course of law.

(Signed) GEO. SALMOND, P.F.

Glasgow, 14th April, 1820.

The Sheriff-Substitute having resumed consideration of the foregoing petition and warrant, and the declaration of the said James Turner emitted of this date, grants warrant to imprison the said James Turner to the Tolbooth or Bridewell of Glasgow for further examination.

(Signed) ROBT. BRUCE.

18th April, 1820.

In the circumstances of the case, the Pror. Fiscal consents to the liberation of James Turner, within designed, on his finding caution to appear and answer to any prosecution which may be instituted against him on the subject matter of the petition.

(Signed) GEO. SALMOND, P.F.

Glasgow, 18th April, 1820.

The Sheriff-Depute having resumed consideration of this petition, with the declarations of the therein designed James Turner, grants warrant to imprison him in the Tolbooth or Bridewell of Glasgow, or other sure jail in the county of Lanark, therein to remain until he finds caution acted in the Sheriff Court books of Lanarkshire, that he will stand trial, and underlie the law in any action or criminal prosecution that may be brought against him, at the instance of any competent prosecutor and before any competent court, within the space of six months, on the subject matter of this petition and information against him, and that under the penalty of one hundred and fifty pounds sterling.

(Signed) R. HAMILTON.

Before he was taken away from his house he pointed out to his arresters what a dangerous person he was, by handing them a pair of small pocket pistols he used when travelling, which they took with them, but which were afterwards returned, and are an heir-loom in the family to this day. Mr Salmond carefully examined Mr Turner's papers—having opened his desk for that purpose; and having made enquiry as to whether he had

other firearms in the house, a gun and bayonet were produced, and five ball cartridges, used at ball firing, when he was a volunteer. He had before him at the time a list of persons whom he had invited previously, either to his father or mother's funeral, and that list was deemed very dangerous, and carried away with other documents. He was marched away without being hand-cuffed, or any hands put on him, and was allowed to call at his shop in High street as he went down. The soldiers were dismissed, and Mr Salmond and Calder were the only attendants. He was marched to the police office, and there detained during the greater part of the day, and nobody was allowed to see him but his son and Captain Mitchell. Food was sent him from Mr Lang's house, and he was allowed to write to Mr Cunningham Corbett and Mr Peter Speirs of Culcreuch. The letters, before they were sent away, had to be laid before Captain Mitchell; as also a letter which he wrote to his wife, Mrs Turner, by order of the Magistrates. Comfortable accommodation had been made for him in the prison in the interim; but, through some misunderstanding, he was sent to a common cell, and all writing materials were forbidden him. On Friday evening, the sixth day after, he was examined by Mr Hope and Sheriff Hamilton. He was minutely examined regarding the part he had taken in public affairs, and told all he knew. Particularly were they anxious to know what part he had taken in the getting up of meetings; and what he had said in his speeches; and what was his opinion regarding the other parties that were imprisoned along with him; for at this time there were not fewer than a hundred arrested and cast into prison. He was not allowed now to get in his food, but was restricted to the prison diet, which was deemed quite good enough for so dangerous a character. This was ultimately departed from by his food being got from Mr Breh-

ner. On the first morning, when his cog of porridge and butter-milk were put in to him, he rather demurred to commence; but, by-and-bye, finding that there was no alternative, the porridge disappeared, and he thought they tasted, on the whole, very sweetly. He slept as soundly as he did at home, though he could not find himself quite at ease in the circumstances. He was remanded on the Friday for farther examination; and, on Tuesday, the examination was resumed in Mr Brebner's apartments: and having been examined, he was informed that he might be liberated on bail, to which he demurred. He asked them whether anything had been substantiated against him. He asked, farther, what was the definite charge on which he was committed; but that he never ascertained. On being asked whether he would tender bail, he said he was quite prepared; and on being farther asked whether £300 would be too much, replied that they might make it £3000 if they chose, as it was quite the same to him. John Boyle Gray and John Russell were his bail securities; and his friend, Mr Lang, was bailed out by the same parties.

### MR TURNER'S PRISON THOUGHTS.

On his apprehension he commenced a diary, for exercise to himself and to make his hours in prison pass more pleasantly and profitably. We give the following extracts from it. It is to be observed that the notes were written in the prison, and we copy from the notes there taken. They prove that the spirit of the writer was free and happy, despite his bodily confinement:—

About five o'clock on Sunday morning, the 9th April, 1820, (being the Sacrament Sabbath,) I was awaked by a very great noise at my door and the barking of my dogs. I opened the door, and, to my very great surprise, saw Mr Salmond the Fiscal, accompanied by Calder the Sheriff-officer. My house

was then surrounded by military, and they were marching in front of the house as if it had been the Colonel's quarters. I asked Mr Salmond to come in and let me know his business. He then told me he was come for me. I asked to see his warrant, and he showed me a paper, but would not allow me to read it; but said it was a warrant to apprehend me for high treason. I then put on my clothes, and, like Mr Hunt, I put my night-cap in my pocket. Mr Salmond said he was to search for papers, which he did; but I had no criminal papers, therefore, he found none. He found the copy of a letter to Lord Sidmouth, which was not criminal. When searching he found a bayonet, at which he seemed surprised at. I said I had the gun it belonged to if he wanted it. He said certainly. This was the arms I had when a member of the Glasgow Armed Association. I asked him if he wanted any more. He said—Yes. I then gave him a pair of pocket pistols I used when travelling. They were loaded at the time. I then gave him six or eight round of ball cartridge, which had been in my desk since 1802, when I was practising ball firing. I also wished him to take my uniforms and accoutrements, but this he declined. I told him I had also a large pistol in the shop if he wanted it. He said he would take it also, and when he was in the shop he took a great many copies of Mr Cobbett's Register and a bundle of my business letters. I was then taken to the Police office, and all the things they had then taken from me were sealed up. This was a piece of the greatest nonsense possible, for they had the property in their own hands, and could have introduced anything they chose in amongst them, for I got no list from them, and at that time they could find villains to swear anything. It will afterwards be found that the Mr Salmond had no right to search for or seize arms or ammunition—they not being included in the warrant. In the Police-office I was kept in an apartment by myself, and experienced a very great deal of indulgence from my old Adjutant, Captain Mitchell, who allowed my son George to be with me the greater part of the day. I mentioned to him that I had a great wish to write to my old Colonel, Cuninghame Corbett, as it was from his own hands I had got my arms in 1802, and also paid him for them, and that



he could best account for how I got them. To this request Captain Mitchell had no objection if I showed him my letter, which I did. He also went down to the coffee-room and got Mr Corbett's address, and then took my letter to the Post-office. I afterwards asked the Captain for permission to write to Mr Peter Spiers of Culcreuch, with whom I had some conversation at Fintry on the previous Thursday, 6th April, to which he assented. I did not keep copies of these letters, but afterwards received answers to both. I also requested that I might be permitted to write to Mrs Turner, to which also he assented. About nine o'clock at night, Mr M'Gregor, the jailer, called on me to say that he had been ordered by the Magistrates to provide accommodation for Mr Lang and me, and that he could accommodate no more. I then asked some of the officials in the Police-office if I would order my bed down to the jail, but they hinted to me not to be in a hurry, lest there might be other orders. Soon after that I was informed that John Hope, A.D., had ordered me to be sent to Bridewell along with a number of other prisoners. I then ordered my bed to be sent up to Bridewell. Previous to leaving the Police-office, I requested a small slip of writing paper, that I might jot down anything that occurred. They said I had better put a few sheets in my pocket, for I did not know when I might get any more. I thanked them and did as it was desired. Captain Mitchell called on me before I left the Police-office, and begged for God's sake that I would say nothing about his permitting me to write these letters, for if it were known he durst not consent to it. Of course I took no notice of it, and I think it can do him no harm now. After this the prisoners were all turned out, 21 in number. Every one of us were put under the charge of a police officer, surrounded with infantry, and flanked with cavalry—a grand procession. We arrived at Bridewell about eleven o'clock at night, about half an hour before poor James Wilson. On the way to Bridewell, I put the question to Bailie Hunter, who had the command of the party, if I would be allowed the use of paper, pen, and ink, to give any instructions respecting my business. He said he could not say what I might be allowed, but he pledged himself that I should have paper, pen, and ink next day, that I might write the Lord-



Advocate for that indulgence. I was then ushered into Bridewell, where I was accommodated in cell No. 50, about 9 feet long by 8 feet wide, with a bedstead, a window to the front, a stone floor, without any fire-place. Here I was left in the dark as if I had been the worst of felons. This arose from the very great confusion of so many prisoners being brought in. Some time after I got a candle, and went to bed about 12 o'clock."

Monday the 10th. "I awoke this morning about 7 o'clock. When I arose I felt myself rather hurt a little by the cold; yesterday I felt quite comfortable, having every attention paid me in the police office. This morning I do not feel so well. About 9 o'clock a cog of porridge and some buttermilk was put into my apartment. I thought there might be worse mates in the corner of a room, but at sametime thought I would not require them, as I expected my breakfast to be sent to me, therefore I did not take them at that time. Soon after that, as I was looking out of my window, I saw Mr Lang's servant and my son come to the gate with our breakfast, but the sentinel would not allow them to get in. I therefore proceeded to take my porridge and buttermilk; but O how I felt for Mr Lang, who I knew was not accustomed to take them. I began to think, that if anything will make me think, it is being here shut up in solitary confinement, without a person to speak to. I would like to know how Mr Lang feels this morning. About 12 o'clock one of the keepers called in, and said he was sorry that our breakfast had not got in, but that he would now go and order it for us, which he did, and I felt then pretty comfortable. The sun, shining from the south, shone into my apartment, which made it both warm and cheerful. O that the Sun of Righteousness may both warm and cheer my heart, and bestow on me that fortitude, resignation, and patience that is necessary to support me under my present privations, for when one is shut up from outward communications, they are forced to look inward, and there is one satisfaction I enjoy, viz., a conscious innocence, which has a wonderful effect in supporting the mind; yet after all I find myself obliged to adopt the language of Moses, (Deut. xxviii. 67) when he says, "In the morning thou shalt say, Would God it were even; and at even thou shalt say, Would God it

were morning," for it is no easy matter for persons who have long been used to the stir of business to get reconciled to solitary confinement; yet I must say that I had anticipated it to be fully as bad as I have experienced it; however, I have had but a very short trial as yet."

"Agreeable to Bailie Hunter's promise, I have been served with a sheet of writing paper, pen, and ink, and have this night written to the Lord-Advocate requesting the use of writing materials; at the same time informing him how I was possessed of arms, and from whom I got them, and referring him to Colonel Corbett; also stating that when there was disturbance threatened in the Calton, upon Mr Lang and I having heard of it, we, as contributors to the Voluntary subscription, waited on Mr Kirkman Finlay, and informed him of what was going on, and strongly urged him to take every means in his power to preserve the peace. This I alleged was not like the friends of disorder. I also urged that I might be admitted to bail." [To this letter Mr Turner never received any answer from his lordship] "I now feel myself exhausted; I hope God will bestow on me a good night's rest, and be with my family and all my connections to solace and comfort their minds at this trying period."

Tuesday morning, the 11th.—"I have reason this morning to bless God for the comfortable night's rest I have had; and in consequence of the arrangements made yesterday by my friend Mr Alexander with Mr Brebner about my victuals, I shall not have the same anxiety, as I shall now get them in season, which was not the case yesterday, for everything was cold when I got it; but it will now come warm from Mr Brebner's table. I felt very much obliged to Mr Brebner when he informed me that such arrangements had been made. He has been very civil, and I believe given me all the indulgence in his power. I still enjoy the use of the writing materials for my amusement, but have not yet got liberty to send out a single scrap. Mr Brebner allows me to write to him, and he informs my friends, if he thinks it proper, for anything I may stand in need of. But for Mr Brebner's kind attention I would almost have died of cold; but he gave me some old carpet rugs to lay on the floor, and some additional bed covers, so that I

got myself kept a great deal warmer. I have been informed this morning that four of our prisoners were examined yesterday; one of them was set at liberty. Charming liberty, I now know thy worth and value! I hope my dear wife has enjoyed a comfortable night's rest, and that God gives her patience and resignation to bear her present affliction; and, though her mind and the minds of other friends may be a great deal hurt, I hope they will not feel ashamed, for it is for having the best interests of my country at heart that I am deprived of my liberty; for God knows how often at his footstool I have implored that the hearts of rulers and of ruled might be turned to Himself, and that our country might again enjoy times of reviving and refreshing from His presence, both in a spiritual and temporal point of view, and that all might enjoy that wisdom from above that is suitable to direct in the way of peace.

"About 11 o'clock, the writing materials were taken away from me, as if it had been too much for me to have enjoyed. Oh! that that command of our Lord were attended to, to do to others as we would wish to be done to in their situation. I feel the removal of the writing materials to be a very great loss that I have sustained, and I can scarcely get my mind reconciled to it. But this was not all. Just think what my feelings were when my *pencil* was demanded. I told the man who was sent this message that I knew he was a servant, and of course it was his duty to deliver his message; however, I begged he would have the goodness to inform his employers that I would not part with my pencil. Upon this he went away, observing that he would say no more about it until he got farther orders. Indeed, I would rather have parted with a five pound note than my pencil, for it was the only treat they had left me in my solitary cell. I am now waiting not knowing what the next message may be. But having committed my cause to Him who hath the hearts of all men in his hand, and can turn them whatsoever way He pleases, I desire that He may enable me to await with patience whatever the event may be. It is now 2 o'clock, and nothing farther has occurred. It strikes me now that they will go on with all the other examinations before they begin with Mr Lang's or mine, to see if anything can be got that will implicate us, in which I have

no doubt they will be disappointed. The time seems very long to me at present, but I wish that I may be enabled to make a wise improvement of it. Afflictions have sometimes been blessed of God as a means to lead the soul to Himself. May it have this effect on me, my fellow prisoners, and all our friends! When Mr Brebner's servant brought up my dinner I felt very unwell, probably arising from the painful rencounter about my pencil. I begged the servant to give Mrs Brebner my compliments, and inform her that I felt rather unwell, and would be very much obliged to her if she would send me half a glass of good whisky. The girl returned to remove the dishes, but brought me no whisky. My pride would not allow me to repeat my request, but I felt very indignant at my request not being complied with, but did not know whether to blame maid or mistress.—Six o'clock.—My dear wife has sent me a trunk and a number of necessaries in it. May the blessing of God rest on her and the family for their very kind attention to me!—Nine o'clock.—Night hath again spread her sable curtain over that part of the globe which we inhabit. This hath been a very solitary day. I have had very few calls from the people of the house, but it has afforded me the greater opportunity of looking inward, and committing myself to God, imploring his guidance and direction. I have implored his presence to be with my examiners, and to be to me a mouth and wisdom, and that I may have a realising sense of his presence resting on and abiding with me.—Wednesday morning, the 12th.—I desire this morning to thank God for the refreshing rest he hath bestowed on me; and now that the sun hath again illumined our globe, O that light, joy, and peace may be infused into my mind, and the mind of all my friends! I was dreaming this morning of being in company with my deceased friend Mr Randolph, who was interred on Tuesday last. I had a little wine with him. May it be a token to me from God, as it was to Pharaoh's butler, of restoration to my family and friends. I have this morning seen another distressing sight—a number of poor creatures brought in prisoners. God grant that their eyes may be opened to see how they have been imposed upon, and misled by hired spies and informers; and may they be led to place their hope and

confidence in Him who ruleth in the armies of heaven and among the inhabitants of this world; and may He soon bring order out of confusion, and restore the country to peace, happiness, and the fear of God. It is now 12 o'clock. Thanks to God for such a fine day. It has a tendency to cheer one's heart even in Bridewell. I have one consolation in this unpleasant situation, viz., that it doth not wound the feelings of either a father or a mother, as they were both dear,—but I desire to feel for my wife's father,—and I hope his trust is in God, and that he is earnest at the throne of grace for my speedy deliverance. I hope that I shall soon be set at liberty, for I can solemnly declare, in the presence of the Searcher of Hearts, that I never saw a weapon intended for the mad business that has taken place, till after I was a prisoner in the police office—and that I did not know a single individual who was to take any part in it. God knows this to be truth. I have now had a bit of dinner, and feel quite comfortable. The Lord make me thankful, and may He enable me more and more to place all my hope and confidence in Him, for he is the Friend that sticketh closer than a brother. I was much pleased to see through my window my old friend Mr Ogilvie. He no doubt wished to see me, but this could not be complied with. It revives my heart to think that I am not quite forgot. May he and all I wish well steer clear of Bridewell. About half past five, two of my old friends, R. Alexander and Mr Hardie, called, but could not get admitted. What a hardship that human laws should prevent the exercise of human kindness, but they cannot break up long-formed attachments.—Eight o'clock.—When I narrated my dream this morning I had little thought of a bottle of wine and a can of marmalade being sent me in the evening. May it be a good omen of the conclusion I then drew of being soon restored to my family and friends. I have had information that Mr Lang has also got a little wine. I hope it will do him good. Thy mercies, O Lord, are new to us every moment. May we ever trust in thee! I have felt pretty well this day; but, O Lord, keep me in mind that the fiery trial awaits me. However, I hope, through thy grace, that I will come out of this furnace like gold tried, and that I will be soon set at liberty.—Thursday morning, the 13th. I have reason to thank God for the



refreshing rest he has bestowed on me, and that I still enjoy the use of reason and understanding amidst all my other privations. O that my soul and all that is within me were stirred up to bless His holy name, who redeemeth my soul from death and who crowneth me with loving kindness and tender mercies! In the solitary situation in which I am placed I must say that I enjoy a tolerable share of comfort, in reading, writing, and in calling on the name of the Lord, for the name of the Lord is a strong tower, the righteous runneth into it and are safe. I am led to think this morning that we have got another respectable neighbour, for the girl had three breakfasts with her, instead of two as formerly. I also saw a very respectable-looking lady at the gate, but she did not get admittance. I am told it is some Dr, but I do not know who it is that has come amongst us. I wish him, and every one of the human race, a more comfortable situation. I have had a comfortable breakfast, and the sun is now shining into my apartment, which makes it more pleasant. May the Spirit of all grace shine into my soul, in all his enlightening and illuminating influence, and may my wife and children, and all my connections, be made partakers of his grace.—Two o'clock.—I saw Mr Hardie and Mr Bruce, who also saw me, and I suppose they saw Mr Lang from a signal they made. How they will feel on our account!—it is all that friendship can do. It is 3 o'clock. I got word that I was wanted, and had thrown off my overalls to attend them; but before I was ready I got contrary orders. In this I was both disappointed and pleased,—disappointed that an opportunity of seeing them and of hearing what they had to say against me was put off—pleased under the impression that it might be one of those “all things that work together for good.” And at times, if the thought of appearing before a fellow-mortal produces a little agitation, how should the thought of appearing before the Searcher of Hearts solemnize our minds? I have had a bit of dinner, and feel comfortable, and I think I see one of the Misses Lang standing on the other side of the road; if so, she is no doubt anxious to get a sight of her father. Darkness hath again spread her curtain over a slumbering world. I hope I have this day enjoyed a comfortable sense of the presence of my Maker. I have again committed myself

and all my concerns to His care and keeping in time and throughout eternity. May His presence be with us,—Amen. Sixth day—Friday morning, 14th.—Thy mercies, O Lord, are new unto me every morning. O, make me thankful for them all. I have now been nearly double the time a prisoner here that Jonah was in the whale's belly. May the Lord soon send me deliverance, for the tender mercies of man are cruelty; and when I think of many of my poor fellow prisoners, whose wives and families are almost on the point of starvation, what reason have I to thank God that, notwithstanding my being confined, my family have bread to eat and raiment to put on! May I, therefore, be kept from murmuring.

“I find it recorded, Acts xxiv. 23, that ‘Felix commanded a centurion to keep Paul, and to let him have liberty, and that he should forbid none of his acquaintances to minister or come unto him.’ Is this the conduct of a Roman governor having nothing to direct him but the light of reason, and what might be expected of those that profess Christianity? Why, just the reverse is what I experience, yet these are the British Christians who exclaim so loudly against Infidelity. However, it appears to me to be vain to make a complaint, for it is only folly to expect that this country shall experience any relief till the rich and the great feel the distresses as well as the poor, and that God in his Holy Providence interpose for our salvation, then shall our land yield increase, and our God shall bless us. Amen.—Twelve o'clock.—Whilst looking out at my window, my heart was ready to leap for joy when I saw, or thought I saw, my old friend, C. Corbett, come in with another gentleman. My heart was inspired with a degree of courage at the thought of a friend being present at my examination. I thanked God that he had been pleased so to order it. At the same time I desired only to trust in Him, for vain is the help of man. How fondly we grasp at shadows! The gentleman I took for C. Corbett went out a little after I saw him come in. I was then left on my old and good ground—to place all my hope and confidence in God—and I hope I shall not be disappointed. I have seen my servant; he must have been in some message or other. I find he has brought me some biscuits and a mug of jelly. I find that I was not mis-



taken in C. Corbett—he had been in the house.—Three o'clock.—What pitiful groups of women and children attend this neighbourhood, no doubt anxiously inquiring for husbands, fathers, sons, brothers, or other relations. O how my heart feels for the pitiful, melancholy assembly!—and yet totally unable to help them!—Four o'clock.—A carriage with more prisoners has just arrived, but I know not from whence. O that men were wise, and would consider things aright! It is now half-past nine o'clock. I was called on to be examined about six o'clock. I was examined if I knew anything about the address, or had any hand in the composing, printing, or publishing of it, or had given any money towards it. To which I answered that I knew nothing about it directly or indirectly. I was asked if I knew Mr Marshall or his brother in London, or if I had been in any way assisting him with money to carry on his trade in procuring of pamphlets—to which I answered I was not. I was asked if I knew anything about the Committee of Organisation or was a member of any of the Union Societies—to which I answered I knew nothing about them, and was no member. I was asked if I was at a meeting the evening of the Clayknows meeting. I said, No. I was asked if I was at a meeting in Pratt's Court, where Mr M'Leod and Mr Ogilvie were present. I said I was, but did not know who the persons were, or their number, but I omitted to say J. F. Wilson was there. I supposed there might be 60, and that I was invited by a printed circular, and that the object was to make an offer of service to government. I was asked if I knew Mr Bryshaw. I said I did, but was not acquainted with him. How often had I seen him? I said, Two or three times. When I had seen him last? I said it was soon after the men were apprehended in Marshall's in the Gallowgate. I was asked if I knew the object of his mission at that time. I said I knew of nothing but commercial transactions. If he spoke to me anything about the Union? I said he did not that I recollected, and I think this was all that passed on that subject. I was then informed that I might have writing materials, and that I would be allowed to see my friends; for which I thanked

Mr Hope, and took my leave. When I came down my son George, Mr Lewis, Mr Gibson, and Joseph were waiting. They went up stairs and stopped an hour, and had a glass of wine and some conversation. Now, O Lord, I desire, with a grateful heart, to thank and bless thy name for all the kindness I have thus experienced. Let me never forget it while I have a being. I would desire to recommend to thy fatherly care the distressed situation of Mr Lang's family; and may they soon be restored to wonted health and strength, and be enabled to bless thy name. —Seventh day, Saturday the 15th. I slept worse last night than any of the former. It was long before I fell asleep, and I awoke early. However I have great reason to be thankful to my Maker that I feel pretty well, and, if Mr Brebner will permit, I intend to breakfast with Mr Lang. We never were in the same situation, and I have no doubt will be glad to see each other, for we are brethren by relation, in politics, and in bonds. Thanks to God we have been preserved from snares of designing and blood-thirsty men; and if we get a favourable answer from the Lord-Advocate probably this may be the last day of our imprisonment, for I am sure we have friends enough who are both able and willing to be bail for us. Mr Brebner cannot comply with my request to allow me to breakfast with Mr Lang. I shall, therefore, as usual, breakfast alone. This hath been to me like one of Job's days, only his messages were more distressing. Mine were comfortable, for I had a call from Uncle Scott, and before he went away my George, and his cousin George Lewis, gave me a call. Before they went away I had a call from two of the Misses Lang. Before they went away Mr Alexander, Mr Hunter, and Mr Somerville called, all of which added not a little to my comfort; but may I still remember the source from whence they flow, and let all my gratitude ascend to heaven! —It is now five o'clock.—I have been informed that my friends will no longer be admitted to see me till further orders.—Six o'clock.—Mr Brebner informs me that some person has been so very foolish as to throw over, or let some paper fall from one of the windows, so that no person can be admitted but in his presence. My dear wife called, but did not come up. She was to have called back, but Mr Lewis

advised her from doing so. I have got the Tuesday's Chronicle, which I have been reading for two hours. Now I am about making ready for going to bed, having committed myself and all my friends to the care of the Watchman of Israel, hoping He will bestow on me a good night's rest. Amen.

—Sunday, 16th.—This is now the eighth day of my imprisonment. I have reason to bless God this morning that I have lain down in peace and awaked in safety, and that I have enjoyed a comfortable and refreshing sleep. I awaked before six o'clock, and was dreaming that I was present with my wife; but I do not think the scene was in Bridewell; I rather think it was at Thrushgrove. Perhaps this arose from hearing that she intended to have seen me last night. Yesterday my mind was led to the consideration of providing *bail*, and what an opportunity this affords the contemplative mind, to think of our lost and undone state as transgressors of the Divine Law, and our being handed over to justice, and reserved for punishment; but still we are prisoners of hope, not from anything we could have done, but by the gracious interference of the Son of God in becoming *bail* for us; that we should either answer all the demands of law and justice, or that He, as our *Bailsman*, would do it in our room and stead; and what reason we have to rejoice that He hath fulfilled the law, and made it honourable, and brought in an everlasting Righteousness, and the good hope through grace of Eternal Life, by His suffering in our room and stead, as our *Bailsman*, all the punishment due to our transgressions. Wherefore, God is now just when He justifies the ungodly who believe in Jesus, for He said on the Cross, 'It is finished.' May I ever trust in His finished work for all that I stand in need of for time and through eternity. What a pleasing thought that, notwithstanding all the corruption that exists in this country, this sacred day is still kept in remembrance, sacred to the memory of a once crucified but now exalted Redeemer. May I be made to rejoice that when He ascended up on high He led captivity captive, and received gifts for men, even for those who were rebels against the God of Heaven, that God the Lord might dwell among them. May I this morning feel all the pleasing consolation which such a consideration inspires.—Twelve o'clock.—The humble fol-

lowers of the meek and lowly Jesus are now assembled, in as far as circumstances will permit. May they enjoy a comfortable sense of His presence; may He bless the provision of Zion, and satisfy her poor with bread; may He clothe her priests with salvation, and make her saints shout aloud for joy; may my soul thirst for Thee as the heart panteth for the water brooks, that I may see Thy power and Thy glory in Thy sanctuary! I never had the same excuse for being absent from the house of God. May it be the last time.—Two o'clock.—I have had a call from Mr Ogilvie, who hopes I shall not be long detained here, and that on my getting out I may expect a public dinner of friends. I told him this would be most gratifying; but as it was most probable I would come out on bail, it could not be celebrated like an acquittal, and that there must be no triumph without a victory; but if any mark of respect is intended on our getting out, I have no objections to accept of it, for I think there are many things which deserve a mark of respect as well as the Battle of Waterloo. However, when I look into the Word of God, I find it recorded, Acts iv. and 23, ‘And being let go, they (viz., Peter and John) went not to a dinner, but to their own company, and reported all that the Chief Priests and elders had said unto them, and when they heard that, they lifted up their voice to God with one accord, and said, Lord, thou art God which hast made heaven and earth, and the sea, and all that in them is; who, by the mouth of thy servant David, hast said, Why did the heathen rage and the people imagine vain things? The kings of the earth stood up, and the rulers were gathered together against the Lord.’ Let this or something like this be our example, and let us give thanks to God. Had this happened to a number of our fellow-mortals, if in business it must have been almost inevitable ruin; but to me it is matter of consolation and thankfulness that my credit will not be injured, for to my knowledge I owe no man anything but love and friendship. I have now had dinner, and feel quite comfortable. The Lord make me thankful. My son George has been very attentive; I have had three calls from him this day, and he seems very willing to do any little thing to accommodate me. I have had a visit of Alexander; he is not quite so thoughtful, but they can attend generally speaking to busi-

ness very well; and I daresay Uncle Lang would have felt more comfortable if he had had a son to attend to his business in his absence.—Half-past ten.—I have now about completed my seventh day in Bridewell, and upon the whole have been as comfortable as I could have expected, though not so agreeable as at Thrushgrove. However, I desire to bless the Lord for all his mercies; my soul bless thou the Lord.—Ninth day.—Monday morning the 17th.—I this morning thank God that I have had a good night's rest. I was awoke this morning about five o'clock by the soldiers talking with some of the girls on the same flat. I had a call from Miss Lang, Mr Kirkwood, and George, in the fore part of the day, then from Mr Healy and William, and, after dinner, from Mr N. Stewart,—all of whom I was very well pleased to see. I well expected that something would have been done this day towards our liberation, but I think this is not probable at this advanced hour of the day. I find that our friends are considerably disappointed by our detention, and are rather afraid that something had been wrong; their fears I hope will soon be disappointed. For my own part I do not feel much uneasiness; at the same time I would have been happy to have realized the best wishes of my friends. I hope in God the period is not far distant when all their expectations shall be realized. I have just had a call from Mr Lewis and my old friend, Mr John Brown. I saw he felt more than he could well express. I know I have his good wishes, and I have no doubt he has been earnest for my deliverance. May his prayer be heard. Amen.—Nine o'clock.—As I supposed at mid-day, I find nothing has been done towards our liberation. We must therefore wait for a new day, still trusting God.—Tenth day.—Tuesday, 18th.—With heartfelt gratitude I desire this morning to bless God for all the goodness and mercy he is continually making to pass before me. I have had another comfortable night's rest, and this morning enjoy health and strength, the use of reason and understanding. May I, therefore, be enabled to live as becomes a rational and accountable being.—Eleven o'clock —I have had a call from Sarah Lang, and I am glad to hear they are all keeping pretty well. I had also a call from Wotherspoon, Mr Baird, and George. It is now past one o'clock, and I begin to despair of anything being done

this day towards our liberation ; however, all is in a good hand, and I still rest satisfied that Heaven rules."

#### MY MOTTO.

"Sink not under misfortunes; perhaps the day may come that you will take pleasure in recollecting these things."

#### MR TURNER LEAVING THE PRISON.

On marching from the jail, down High street, a crowd hailed him with hearty shouts and cheers, and he had to stop hundreds of times to shake hands with anxious friends. Their friend Mr James Wallace offered him a carriage if he would accept it, but this he declined. At the time the letter was written Mr T. had made up his mind to bring his case before Parliament. The following is Mr Turner's own account of his imprisonment, given in a letter addressed to several Members of Parliament :—

SIR,—I beg leave to submit to you the following statement of my case, which is embodied in a petition and sent by the same mail to Lord Archibald Hamilton.

On the morning of Sunday the 9th April, 1820, about five o'clock, I was awaked by a tremendous noise and the barking of my dogs. Upon opening the door I found that my house was surrounded by military. Mr Salmond, the Procurator Fiscal, and Calder, the Sheriff-officer, then entered the house. I asked them what they wanted. They said they were come fer me. I then desired them to come in till I had put on my clothes. Having dressed, I then asked to see their warrant, when they showed me a paper which they would not allow me to read, but which they called a warrant for my apprehension, the searching of my house for papers and for arms ; but at whose instance the application was made, or who granted the warrant, I did not know.

They proceeded to search for papers, and found only two that, upon examination were considered worthy of being endorsed, viz., the copy of a letter I sent to Lord Sidmouth in 1817, relative to a petition sent from Glasgow to the Prince Regent, and a requisition from some of the inhabitants of this city for to obtain liberty to meet on my ground at Thrushgrove in 1815.



I delivered up my pocket pistols which I used when travelling, my gun and bayonet which I purchased from Colonel Cunningham Corbett when I served as a volunteer under him in the Glasgow Armed Association, a Holster pistol, and five ball cartridges. These were the mighty stores of arms, all of which had been in my possession for eighteen years. I was then taken to the Police office, where I was detained till about eleven o'clock at night, when I was marched with a guard of horse and foot soldiers to Bridewell, and locked up in a solitary cell as if I had been the worst of felons.

I knew in the course of that day that the magistrates had intended a more comfortable place for me in the city jail, but Mr Hope, Depute-Advocate, would not consent to it.

I requested of Bailie James Hunter, who accompanied me to Bridewell, that I might be indulged with the use of writing materials to give directions respecting my business; but he informed me that the magistrates had no power to grant anything; but he pledged himself that I would get paper, pen, and ink, next day, for the purpose of writing to the Lord-Advocate for that indulgence. On Monday, I wrote to the Lord-Advocate requesting the use of writing materials, and that he would accept bail or make my situation more comfortable, as I had only a stone floor and no fireplace; but to this letter I received no answer. That morning, when my breakfast was sent by my own family, it was not allowed to get into me. On the Tuesday, the writing materials were removed, and, as if it had not been enough to deny me the use of these, even my pencil was also demanded. On Wednesday, nothing particular occurred; but I had a great anxiety to be examined, not doubting I would be immediately liberated; but it was not till the Friday evening, the 14th, that I was called to be examined on a charge of high treason. I then answered every question put to me by Mr Hope, Depute-Advocate, I believe to his satisfaction, notwithstanding which I was remanded to my cell, where I was detained Saturday, Sunday, Monday, and till Tuesday, the 18th, at 6 o'clock evening, when I was brought up to be re-examined; after which I was informed I might be admitted to bail, which I very reluctantly complied with, after having been detained so long and no charge found against me.

From this brief statement of facts I trust you will see that in

my person the rights of a British subject have been grossly violated, and that I have been made a victim of tyrannical power and malignant persecution, for which it appears there is little or no chance of redress, and that merely because I have not concealed my being friendly to the cause of Parliamentary Reform, which I only sought to be accomplished by legal and constitutional means.

I have taken the liberty of addressing you on this subject, that, when Lord Archibald Hamilton presents my petition, you may, if you think proper, be able to animadvert on the outrage committed on my person, and through me on every British subject. I trust you will see it right to support Lord Archibald Hamilton's motion on my petition. If this meets your approbation, I hope you will have the goodness to communicate it to such members as you may think friendly.

I am, Sir, most respectfully, your most obdt. humble servant,

JAMES TURNER.

#### MR TURNER'S PETITION TO PARLIAMENT.

After his liberation, he waited on Mr John Maxwell, (now Sir John,) and consulted with him, and had his approval about petitioning. He then wrote to Mr John Borthwick Gilchrist, in London, who was the intimate friend of Mr Joseph Hume, informing him of his intention of bringing his case before Parliament. He communicated the circumstance to Mr Hume, who wrote Mr T. requesting to have his petition for presentation. He wrote him how much he was obliged to him for his kind offer; but that he had seen Lord Archibald Hamilton, who had kindly offered to present it; and he thought it was better it should come through his hands than any other, because, if he was represented, he was his representative, being member for the county of Lanark; but that he would take it kind in Mr Hume, when the case came before him, to give it all the support it deserves, and also to solicit the support of some of his friends. This led him to write to several members of the House, giving them a narrative of the case.

As his case was never brought to trial, he considered it a duty he owed to himself, his family, and his friends, to lay his case before the public, which he did by petition before the House of Commons.

*Extract from the Debates in the House of Commons,  
May 6, 1821.*

LORD A. HAMILTON, in his place in the House, presented a petition from Mr Turner, in Glasgow, complaining of the arbitrary conduct of the Lord-Advocate and Ministers in Scotland. The petitioner, it appeared, about a year ago, was arrested on a charge of treasonable practices, and kept for a considerable length of time without any charge having been communicated to him; and whatever the charge might be, it was one upon which he had never been brought to trial. He was at length, after nine or ten days, released on bail, having in the interval been subjected to the most strict and rigorous confinement. The petitioner, whose name was James Turner, now applied to the House for redress, and to obtain some compensation for the injury his character had sustained. He (Lord A. H.) did not mean to impute that everything done in the name and with the authority of the Lord-Advocate was done with his knowledge, or that he was personally answerable, unless so far as he chose to adopt and defend the acts of his subordinates. He had now to contend that Mr Turner was, and always had been, innocent of any treasonable practices. The Noble Lord said that he deemed it just, nevertheless, to bear testimony to the general good conduct of the Magistrates of Glasgow during a very critical period. The petitioner further complained that his house had been searched for papers and arms; that some volunteer arms were found; that a charge of high treason was mentioned, yet after nine or ten days of solitary confinement he had been admitted to bail. His Lordship added that such conduct could not be justified. He should perhaps be told that the learned Lord had acted on information which he believed he could depend upon. He could not call on the learned Lord to give up his authority, but he did expect that whilst the learned Lord sheltered himself behind some unknown spy or informer, he would do Mr Turner the justice to declare his conviction of his innocence.

The LORD-ADVOCATE did not wish to oppose this petition being brought up, or to offer any resistance to any course the House might think fit to adopt regarding it. But he must advert to the delay which had taken place in presenting this petition. The injuries complained of were alleged to have taken place in April, 1820, and it was now May, 1821, before the complaint was brought forward: during the whole interval the Courts of Justice in Scotland were open to him, and there he ought to have gone to seek redress. At present he did not feel himself at liberty to enter into a statement of the grounds on which the charge against this individual was founded; he would only say he considered they warranted his arrest, and he was ready to avow himself responsible for that act. He (the Lord-Advocate) was willing to sustain the whole weight, for none ought to attach to the Magistrates of Glasgow. He would not state the grounds of charge, because the individual was not present to defend himself; but if he had ground of complaint, why had he not brought his action? The Crown could then have justified, and the whole subject have been investigated. As to the apprehension, imprisonment at one period would be justifiable, which at another might be most severe. Had the petitioner gone to a Court of Justice, as he ought to have done had he considered himself injured, his (the Lord-Advocate's) mouth would have been opened, and he would have been in a situation to open the whole of his case. His Lordship then proceeded to enter into a detail of the state of Glasgow at the time of Mr Turner's arrest, and contended that circumstances had justified that measure. The danger was pressing in Glasgow, and the Executive Government felt that nothing but promptly exerting the civil power could protect the peaceable and well disposed part of the population. He denied most distinctly that in any of the transactions in Scotland the spy-agent or informer had been employed. His Lordship then alluded to the disorderly state of Glasgow, to the proclamation for a general rising, which had obtained implicit belief, and to the marching of masses of men in military array, to the terror of the loyal inhabitants. The shops were shut up for some days, but tranquillity and confidence were restored by a timely exercise of the powers of Government. A number of arrests exceeding one hun-

dred then place. Those individuals who were committed to prison were accommodated as well as was consistent with security ; and, to avoid delay, six magistrates instead of two were engaged in the examinations, which were nearly completed in a week. The great number of arrests required the close attention of the magistrates for several days, to investigate the several cases, notwithstanding which the petitioner was discharged in the small space of one week. The Noble Lord had called on him to pronounce this individual innocent—it was impossible for him to do that, although he was willing to acknowledge there was not evidence sufficient to convict him ; but if this individual had received injury, let him appeal to a Court of Law, a proper place for discussion, where each party could be heard, and where justice would be done to both parties. The charge was undoubtedly High Treason ; the petitioner had been admitted to bail on account of the deficiency of the evidence. He would content himself with saying, that the officer who apprehended this person and those who committed him, had they acted otherwise, would have been guilty of a gross dereliction of their duty. The Lord Advocate added, that if an action were brought, he should be prepared to justify what had been done.

Mr MAXWELL said that the petitioner had been deterred from appearing in a court of law against the Lord Advocate, from a dread of the power of that individual : he apprehended that he should not obtain justice. The petitioner was a respectable tradesman, and he did not know why the word of a respectable tradesman should not be received. As to the cause of the disturbances, he asserted that it was the general belief in Scotland that spies had been employed to promote the rising. The petitioner approached the house to make it more manifest what extraordinary powers were possessed by the Lord Advocate. The learned Lord Advocate had refused to declare this individual innocent, and said that he could not do it. He thought the learned Lord was bound to do so, on that well-known principle, that a person should be considered innocent until he was proved otherwise.



The petition was then read. The following is a copy :—  
 Unto the Honourable the Commons of Great Britain and Ireland in Parliament assembled,

The Petition of JAMES TURNER of Thrushgrove, Burgess and Guild Brother of the City of Glasgow,

Humbly Sheweth,

That your petitioner is a native of the above city, wherein, for the space of twenty-two years, he has carried on business as a tobacconist, with a character unblemished, and has acquired a respectable property; notwithstanding which he has been grievously injured by means of a most wanton and unjustifiable abuse of power, whereby the rights and liberties of a British subject have been shamefully violated.

That at five o'clock in the morning of Sunday the 9th of April, 1820, your petitioner, while in bed, was alarmed by a loud knocking at his door, which being opened, there appeared the Procurator Fiscal of the Sheriff Court, some officers, and a party of armed soldiers.

That this party, without permitting your petitioner to read their warrant, proceeded to search his house, and took away some papers, none of which had any connection with the matters afterwards charged against your petitioner.

That the officers then ordered your petitioner to deliver up his arms; upon which he delivered a pair of pocket pistols, which he uses when travelling, his gun and bayonet, which he purchased when serving as a Volunteer in the Glasgow Armed Association in 1802-3, a holster pistol and five ball cartridges; all which had been in the possession of your petitioner since that period.

That your petitioner was then taken to the Police Office, and there detained a prisoner till near midnight, though he offered bail for his appearance. He was thence marched along with a number of other prisoners under a guard of Police Officers, and of horse and foot soldiers, to the Common Bridewell, where he was locked up in a solitary cell, all access to his family and friends denied, and even the use of writing materials.

That an application having on the same day been made to the Lord Provost and Magistrates of the City of Glasgow, representing the cruelty of confining a respectable burgess in a



receptacle for the lowest outcasts of society, these Honourable Gentlemen (who were not unacquainted with your Petitioner's general character,) very humanely interposed, and not anticipating a difference of opinion on a measure which did not interfere with the ends of public justice, gave orders to the keeper of the city prison to provide a decent apartment and bed for your petitioner's use. But Mr Hope, one of his Majesty's Depute Advocates, on the Magistrates communicating to him their readiness to receive your petitioner into the City Jail, refused to allow him the comfort of being removed to it.

That your petitioner was detained in Bridewell till Friday the 14th April, being six days after his arrest, when he was brought before the said Mr Hope for examination. He was then informed that the charge against him was High Treason—in being concerned in an insurrection—a charge at which your petitioner's feelings revolted with indignation, and which is belied both by the respectability of his means and station in Society, and by the whole tenor of his past life.

That your petitioner, though he denied the slightest knowledge of or participation in the crime so absurdly laid to his charge, was remanded to Bridewell, and detained therein till Tuesday the 18th April foresaid, being other four days. He was then again examined, and informed that he might be admitted to bail, to which, however galling to his feelings, he, for the sake of his alarmed and distressed family, reluctantly consented.

That from the whole of the above conduct on the part of his Majesty's Advocate, or those acting under his orders, your Petitioner humbly apprehends that his rights as a British Subject have been violated, and the security of property most grossly infringed in his person.

Your Petitioner, therefore, under the consciousness of innocence, hopes to receive from your Honourable House that redress which the extreme severity and hardship of his case demand; and this he humbly presumes to expect when it is considered that by no action at law he can recover damages from his Majesty's Advocate.

May it therefore please your Honourable House to institute an inquiry into the powers of the Lord Advocate; to

have these defined and limited by Law; to grant to your Petitioner such redress as shall vindicate his name and character before the world, and repair the injury he has sustained in his person, property, business, and family, from the false, scandalous, malicious and incredible charge brought against him; and to require the Lord Advocate to give up the name of the person or persons on whose information his Lordship acted on the above occasion.

And your petitioner shall ever pray.

JAMES TURNER.

Glasgow, 1st March, 1821.

Mr MONTEITH said he was the Lord Provost of Glasgow at the time of the Petitioner's arrest. It was not for him to enter into any explanation for the Law Officers of Scotland, under whose guidance the local Magistracy had acted, as they were fully competent to defend themselves. He received information on a Saturday night that it was intended to post a placard—a copy of which was shewn to him—all about the town in the course of that night; in consequence of which orders were given to the Police to apprehend any one found posting such placards. But the bill-stickers who went about with the placards were accompanied by from forty to fifty persons armed with bludgeons, who kept off the police and constables. On account of the alarming aspect of things the Magistrates communicated with the Lord Advocate's Deputy on the subject; and in all that was afterwards done, followed the directions which they received from the Law Officers. About a hundred persons were arrested, among whom was the Petitioner, and lodged in the Bridewell, which was prepared for their reception by the removal of all the prisoners confined there at the time, and by the place being properly cleared out. It was not true, therefore, that the Petitioner was placed amongst common prisoners; and the place in which he was lodged was far more comfortable than an ordinary jail. Turner was a person above the ordinary class; he was the individual who, when a public meeting was convened in Glasgow, about four years ago, and the place appointed was found too small, offered a field belonging to him on the outside of the town for the purpose; in which the meeting was accordingly held, and from that time

his shop had been much better filled with customers than it was before. (Laughter.) The treatment he received when under arrest was in no wise different from that of others in the same situation, and when he considered the number of communications by letter and otherwise which were furnished to the Magistrates on the subject of the riots from so many individuals, some acting from a good, and others from a bad intention, he was rather surprised that a far greater number had not been apprehended, than that so few should have been taken into custody against whom sufficient evidence was not afterwards procured to substantiate a charge.

Mr HUME said, having had several communications from the Petitioner, he had listened with the greatest attention to the Learned Lord and the Hon. Gentleman opposite, in order to ascertain whether Government had received any depositions on oath, which warranted them in trampling, as they had done, on the liberties of the subject. But he was much astonished to hear from the Hon. Gentleman who was Provost at the time, that they had proceeded upon the information of anonymous correspondents.

Mr MONTEITH declared he had not said any such thing, but that on account of the number of persons from whom they received information, he was rather surprised that a greater number of individuals had not been arrested against whom no charge could afterwards be made out.

Mr HUME said, he would then ask the Hon. Gentleman and the Learned Lord opposite, whether any depositions on oath had been given against Mr Turner previous to his arrest ?

The LORD ADVOCATE said, it was not the practice in Scotland to require depositions on oath in such cases, but the Law Officers acted on their own responsibility.

Mr HUME said that this admission proved the deplorable state of Scotchmen ; that they were liable to be torn from their homes by armed force, and that they were exposed to the most serious charges by persons who might owe them a grudge, or by those who had promoted disturbances. This petitioner was treated most severely ; he was shut up six days, and without pen, ink and paper ; and he was confined in a place set apart for culprits. He had been carried by a file of soldiers to

the Police Office, and was it to be said there was no hardship in such treatment? If the man brought his action, and proved his case, the answer would be, that it was merely an error in judgment. The people of Scotland, whose liberties appeared to be at a very low ebb, would expect the House to institute some inquiry. If such things were permitted no man was safe. Even he (Mr Hume) might get into the clutches of the Lord Advocate, and be kept in custody during the next session—indeed there were some who would not have cared had he been there during all the present one. (Laughter.)

LORD ARCHD. HAMILTON said, the Learned Lord had attempted to meet this case in a manner which was far from satisfactory. He asked why the Petitioner had not sought redress at law; but he (Lord A. Hamilton) would put it to the Learned Lord to say, whether, if he were not holding the office of Lord Advocate, he would not look upon any man as mad who came to ask his advice, as a lawyer, on the prudence or expediency of going to law with the Lord Advocate? He maintained that these individuals had been most harshly and arbitrarily treated; such was the opinion of all Scotland, and it was proved by the fact, that of one hundred persons arrested, except those who were found with arms in their hands, not more than half a dozen had been convicted.

THE LORD ADVOCATE said, the Hon. Member for Aberdeen had proceeded upon a mistaken notion of the law of the case. In England, it was true, the Magistrate received depositions on oath, upon which he granted his warrant for the apprehension of a party; but in Scotland the Public Prosecutor, upon his own responsibility, applied to the Magistrate for a warrant, stating his grounds for so doing, and upon such statement the magistrate decided whether he should grant the warrant or not. As to what had been said about the chance of obtaining redress in such a case, he considered it an impeachment of the justice of his country to say that any individual whatever could not obtain redress in its Courts for any grievance, by whomsoever inflicted. The number of convictions argued nothing as to the propriety of the arrests. True bills were returned against by far the greater number of those who were arrested; those that were put upon trial were convicted, and had under-

gone their punishments ; the remainder, although not convicted, were yet not acquitted ; but acting, as he had always done, in the exercise of the discretion vested in him, when as many convictions had taken place as the justice of the case seemed to demand, he refrained from offering evidence against the others. The Noble Lord would have been better able to judge of the circumstances under which the arrests took place, had he remained at his post in the county of Lanark. With respect to the treatment of those persons, he would undertake to say that the general feeling throughout Scotland was, that before the trial, on the trial, and in the subsequent disposal of the several parties, the utmost lenity and mildness had marked the treatment of the whole.

Mr HUME said, the harshness of which he complained was the circumstance of persons being arrested and confined without sufficient grounds. He never meant to impute any ill usage of the prisoners to the Learned Lord ; on the contrary, he believed him to have acted towards them with the greatest mildness. (Hear, hear.)

Lord A. HAMILTON said, in consequence of the Learned Lord's expression about his not being at his post, he would just state that he left the country the day before the placard was posted ; but hearing on his journey of what was intended, he went to Edinburgh, though many miles out of his intended course. He called upon the Learned Lord, but he was absent, having gone to his election ; he then went to the Solicitor-General's, but that gentleman, some of the Scottish Burghs having become a little refractory, was gone to assist the Learned Lord. He then proceeded to the Deputy, who having heard his story, almost laughed in his face, and treated it with the utmost indifference, although the next morning proved his information to be correct. He afterwards called upon the Commander-in-Chief, whom he did not see, but recounted what he had learned to the person at his office who was empowered to act. Such having been the situation of those whose duty it more especially was to have attended to these things at the time, it appeared to him a most extraordinary circumstance that the Learned Lord should now get up and taunt him with not having been at his post.



The LORD ADVOCATE said, he was at his post at Glasgow as soon as he heard of the placard.

The petition was ordered to be printed.

Thus abruptly terminated one of the most extraordinary cases which ever occurred in any country. It is not denied that at that time there were an unusual number of dissatisfied, and, it may be, dangerous characters in this country; but certainly Mr Turner was not one of them. It was his misfortune, as, indeed, it has been the misfortune of every real patriot and philanthropist, that on the one particular, that of political freedom, they agreed, while they differed totally in character, and in views on every other subject. Mr Turner, however, never made these doubtful patriots his friends, and never associated with them at meetings, even on political questions. He was pounced on evidently on the principle that those deemed really the dangerous characters were not worth shot. The mistaken and miserable national and local governments of those days deemed an example necessary, and though unscrupulous enough—as the case of poor James Wilson testified—they found that in Mr Turner they had seized the wrong man. He turned out on their hand to be a man who feared God and honoured the King—who minded his own business, and eschewed the haunts of ignorant and designing men—a man who, on the severest examination, was found to entertain no designs against his Sovereign nor against his Majesty's Government, and a man, which, had the result not been too mortifying to themselves, who ought to have received the confidence, not the frowns of the government. Had the local authorities, instead of taking into their confidence such fellows as Richmond the spy, hung them up at the first lamp post, they would have done more to promote their own honour and the safety of the city. The tales that reach us of Austrian and Italian tyranny can



scarcely surprise those familiar with the political deeds which were done in our own city during the first part of this century.

Could anything be more unjust than to seize a respectable citizen—subject him to a loathesome imprisonment—deny him communication with his friends, and finally to be so baffled with facts as to be compelled to open his prison doors, and allow him to depart without trial—without even a charge made against him? And worst of all, when inquiry and compensation were demanded, the conspirators slunk out of the matter, and left him whom they had wantonly injured to settle matters with the public, which, fortunately, in this as in most cases, are more intelligent and more just than their rulers, and who granted such compensation as neither Parliament nor Ministry could concede. Mr Turner lived in the good opinion of the public—an opinion which, instead of being changed, was strengthened by the maltreatment of a man whom it deemed worthy of all honour, and who has been mercifully spared to outlive his political enemies and to see the views he has long held dear virtually adopted and acted out by the national and local governments. The case of Mr Turner was not without its fruits. He was the last who will ever in this so-called free country be deprived of personal freedom without cause. His conduct as a prisoner was quite in keeping with his long-trying conduct as a citizen, and did more to disarm political opponents than the most eloquent speeches or the most solemn protestations.

Having disposed of this great fact in the history of Mr Turner, we shall now return to some of his more pleasing recollections and experiences, not forgetful that Mr Turner's imprisonment was the great fact in his life, and a fact to which he can look back without a blush. What remains to be told, however, though probably less interesting to himself, will not be found tedious to many whose acquaint-

ance with the history of Glasgow is but comparatively recent. We shall, therefore, give some account of various matters which, though far back beyond the memories of most of our readers, are still fresh in his.

### AMUSEMENTS OF THE PEOPLE.

According to Mr Turner, the citizens were not well supplied in his young days with anything like amusement. Among his earliest recollections are two ærial voyages from Glasgow in 1785, which excited an extraordinary interest both in the city and neighbouring country. Ascents by balloons at that time were unknown in this country; and the announcement that Mr Lunardi was about to visit Glasgow, and ascend from St. Andrew's Church-yard, awakened a degree of interest amounting to enthusiasm, which probably has not been equalled since. These memorable ascents were described in a small volume published by J. Nelson, Paisley, and the title page runs thus,—“An Account of Two Ærial Voyages from Glasgow, in the year 1785, in a series of letters to his guardian, Chevalier Gerardo Compagni. By Vincent Lunardi, Esq., Secretary to the Neapolitan Ambassador, First Ærial Traveller in England, and Honorary Member of the Artillery Company of the City of London, Royal Archer of Scotland, Citizen of Edinburgh, Cupar, Hawick; together with a copy of a curious and interesting letter from the Rev. James Lapslie, Minister of Campsie, to a friend in Glasgow; with other interesting matter written under the impression of the various events that affected that undertaking.”

It is to be noticed that in those days there was no gas at hand to inflate a balloon as now; and the method of generating the requisite gases astonished the natives not a little. The balloon was suspended at the east end of St. Andrew's Church by a rope stretched between the top

of the church and the ground. Three large casks with iron hoops were sunk to some depth in the ground, and filled with oil of vitriol and iron. These casks were furnished with large tin tubes, which, passing through a large vessel of water to cool the vapour, united into one, round which the mouth of the balloon was tied. Upwards of a ton weight of iron shavings were placed in the casks; and five or six tuns of water divided among them. A large tub, lined with lead in the under part, with a hole in the bottom, was used as a funnel. There were sixteen bottles of oil of vitriol used, being in all above 2000 lbs. The historian remarks,—“On mixing such a quantity of heterogenous substances together, a tumult, effervescence, and heat were instantly generated to such a degree as cannot be conceived by those who have not been eye witnesses of similar operations.” The entire city turned out to witness the spectacle. Many were affected to tears, and not a few fainted; while the generality, or at least very many, insisted that Lunardi was in compact with the devil, who aided him with his cauldrons, and that he was evidently a man reprobated by the Almighty. The authorities it would seem, however, were not so much alarmed at the æronaut, for, in the absence of the Lord Provost, Bailie Brown showed the greatest attention to him, and lionized him through the city. It would seem, from the “Account,” that the ascent and excursion were really remarkable. The balloon ascended high, and travelled fast and far. As far as can be gathered from the history, it would seem to have alighted near Hawick, and to have very much astonished the natives there too. This event, Mr Turner mentions, furnished matter of conversation and discussion for many years—many defending the position that the devil had decidedly to do with the matter, and others attempting to account for it on scientific principles, then but very imperfectly known.

The second ascent seems to have been equally successful; and, if the history can be at all relied on, the first attempts at ballooning in this country seem to have been decidedly the best.

### ORIGIN OF THE GLASGOW CHRONICLE.

About the year 1808, when Colonel Wardle brought his charge against the Duke of York and Mrs Clark, a number of individuals in Glasgow had a wish to have a public meeting to strengthen the Colonel's hands in the discussion of the question.

An advertisement was made out for calling the meeting, but none of the Glasgow papers would put it in. This circumstance led a few individuals to think of having an independent paper of their own, and not be dependent on either the Courier or the Herald—the two principal papers at the time; and this led to the getting up of the Sentinel, which was afterwards transformed into the Glasgow Chronicle.

### TRADE AND BUSINESS IN GLASGOW.

Towards the end of the last century, the shoemaker trade was almost confined on the market day to the space between the Tron Church and the Cross, which at that time afforded shelter for the stalls by the buildings being on a row of pillars, by which means the foot pavement was covered. The stalls in fine weather stood without the pillars; but in the case of rain they drew the stands in for shelter, and sadly annoyed the citizens by blocking up the thoroughfare. The greater part of the shoe-making trade was then in that locality; and at that time, too, there was a sort of concentration in the same locality of the cloth trade. On the Wednesdays then, as well as now, a sort of market was held, and these places of merchandise were very much crowded. The price of a work-

ing man's shoes averaged from 4s 6d to 5s, and of course these were furnished as well as others with buckles.

At that time the food of the people was very simple. Porridge and milk were used night and morning; and kail, along with some sort of flesh meat, in the middle of the day. The hours of meals were—breakfast at nine, dinner at one, and supper shortly after six. Tea, as already stated, was a very great rarity, and generally not seen on the table of a working man unless on Sabbath.

Masons and wrights earned 1s 2d a-day, which was the common wage, though then, as well as now, a great deal was done by piece work.

As far back as 1780 there were, in all, probably from 150 to 200 lamps thinly set on the streets. Mr Turner remembers especially the Bridgegate and Cross being lighted with seven lamps, but from economical considerations these were never lighted in moonlight.

### WEDDINGS, &c.

Mr Turner remembers attending a wedding above seventy years ago at Blantyre. It was one of these known by the name of penny weddings; but, instead of charging formally for being present, the charge was put on the liquor. As the weddings were then large in the country, they were generally held in the barn. The marriage jaunt usually consisted of two or three miles of a walk into the country on the day after the wedding.

The first penny reels which he saw were at Kilmarnock, 1789. An adventurous fiddler there hired a room and put up a sort of signboard, and admitted young people, who went through the reels according to instructions, and for his reward he received a penny from each.

Mr Turner's first house was in Trongate—the first close east from Brunswick street. It has been superseded now by another building on the same site. The rent was £5

a-year ; but even that was considered too extravagant for a tradesman, so he let the half of it. The two families found sufficient room in the £5 house—each half of which consisted of two rooms, a kitchen, and bed closet. At that time the ordinary fee of a servant girl was £2 per half year.

There were carts in Glasgow long before Mr. Turner remembers, though these were of a very primitive description, and some of them made entirely of timber without any iron about them. He remembers since butter milk was brought into town on sledges without wheels.

#### PURCHASE OF THRUSHGROVE, &c.

Mr Turner's own business prospered, and in 1813 he purchased Thrushgrove. It is singular that, in 1805, he formed a strong liking for that property ; but a Mr Peddie secured it at that time, and it was re-sold in 1813, when it came into Mr Turner's possession, with whom it has since remained. He lived in that house till 1838, but the public works in the neighbourhood and other reasons induced him to remove. He went first to London street, and removed from that to St. Andrew's square, and again removed to East George street ; and at the time these notes were taken, in 1854, he was resident in Windsor terrace. He always enjoyed remarkably good health. The only illness he remembers was as far back as 1785, when he suffered from a severe intermittent fever. Since that time he has had no severe illness, and scarcely a headache ; and what is very remarkable he was stouter at the age of 86 than at any previous part of his life—being at least 12 lbs. heavier, and was able in 1851 to take a trip to London and Paris.

#### HIS STANDING WITH THE PUBLIC.

As his case was never brought to trial, he brought it by citation before the House of Commons, but got no compensation. His fellow-citizens, however, did not forget him. He was five times returned as a member of the Town



Council, which situation he held thirteen years, during which period he was five years in the Magistracy of the River Trust. Upon retiring from the Town Council he was appointed Bailie of Provan, and had her Majesty's Commission as a Justice of Peace for the county of Lanark, which he still holds. This document is carefully preserved among his papers.

It may be mentioned that in his young days the Parochial clergymen examined all their parishioners. It was customary to convene them in the session-house, and there to put questions to young and old. Besides this, family visitation was attended to. The clergyman after entering conversed freely with the family, and then read a portion of Scripture and had prayers.

#### WAGES, EMPLOYMENT, PROVISIONS, &c.

His impression is that the working people are better off now than they were then; but that they might have been better off even then had they occupied their time to full advantage. Many of them, it seems, wrought only three days a week; and it was quite customary for tradesmen to commence their work on Wednesday instead of Monday. Drinking, he thinks, was fully as common then as now. Whisky then was only 1½d a gill. Ferintosh whisky was in fashion, and it cost 7d a mutchkin, or 2d per gill. Provisions were occasionally high. At the time of Mr Turner's birth, oatmeal was 1s 4d per peck. In 1779, it was as low as 9d per peck. A great deal of oaten cakes were used; but then, as well as now, wheaten bread was common among all classes.

At that time there were no cotton mills in Glasgow. The Lanark mills were among the first. Previous to the commencement of the mills, families were employed in spinning yarn on spinning-wheels. The material was given out at certain shops and returned in yarn.

## HIS POLITICAL VIEWS.

Mr Turner's own opinion was, that some decided step was necessary to check the general political dissatisfaction which prevailed about the year 1816. Though, as a matter of course, he considered a great deal that was done necessary, there were parties associated with the movement who brought it into disrepute, and were in a fair way to raise rebellion among the people. As in every good movement, there are always those ready to join it who act more from impulse than from principle, so in this case many mischief-makers mixed themselves up with those who sought the redress of real grievances, and who devoted their attention to secure their political rights. He was always most decidedly of opinion that the Government used most injudicious means to put down the movement. The "spy system," as it was called, wrought disastrously, and encouraged rogues in the annoyance of their more honest neighbours. The imprisonment of himself and others did so far bring the movement within safe limits. For his own part, it made him more wary as to those with whom he associated, and indeed induced him to stand aloof from some with whom he had co-operated. He was always opposed to the custom prevalent among Reformers of intruding themselves into meetings, and there introducing their peculiar tenets, contrary to the object of the meeting, and in such a way as to cause disorder and sometimes danger. From all such violent proceedings he stood aloof. It will be remembered that when Fergus O'Connor was in Glasgow Mr Turner presided at the dinner party, but that he expressed himself strongly against many of the views advocated by Fergus, and indeed protested at the time against many of his proceedings.

He attended nearly all the political meetings which have been held in the city for sixty years, but latterly appeared more as a spectator than an actor in such meetings.

He lived to see not a few of the favourite tenets of his youth adopted by the Government in his old age. The Reform Bill he considered a great acquisition, though he always thought it did not proceed far enough, and used his influence to secure another and a more thorough-going reform. He sometimes mentioned the change that took place in public feeling within a few years. At the time of his imprisonment the entire local authorities were against him; but he lived to see Provosts Dalgleish and Dunlop attending Reform meetings out of doors, and appearing on the hustings on the Green to advocate views not very dissimilar to those advocated at the famous Thrushgrove meeting. He also had the pleasure of seeing Mr Wallace of Kelly, and Mr Maxwell of Pollok, attending similar meetings and taking part in them. He is by far too sensible a person to suppose that Parliamentary Reform will ever elevate a great many who are the chief advocates of such measures. No one knows better than he that Parliamentary Reform is only an auxiliary, and that those who refuse to help themselves cannot be helped by any possible legislative enactments. He often referred to his own election as a member of Council with not a little satisfaction. The city then consisted of five Wards, and he appeared as a candidate for the First or Eastern District, which included the entire city east of the Saltmarket and High street. For that district there fell to be elected six members of Council, and above a dozen candidates appeared and were nominated at a meeting held in the late Dr Kidston's church. The parties who had a majority were Messrs Robert Graham, Hugh Tennent, William Craig, (Bailie) William Gilmour, Robert Mc'Gavin, and James Turner. The late James Ewing was Provost at that time, and it was his part to introduce the new members, and he was superseded himself by Robert Graham. It was somewhat remarkable that, in the first reformed

Town Council, the Provost, James Ewing, was not himself returned; but he was elected shortly afterwards as one of the city members of Parliament. He had to contest that honour, however, keenly. The other candidates were James Oswald, John Douglas, D. K. Sandford, and Mr Dixon. James Ewing, however, was successful.

The duties assigned to Mr Turner by the Town Council were not very heavy. He was appointed a member of the Town's Hospital and Church Committees. Next year he was appointed Depute-Bailie of the River and Firth of Clyde. The previous year, John Pattison was River Bailie, and his Depute was John Mitchell. The latter was Bailie-Principal when Mr Turner became Bailie-Depute. As Bailie-Depute Mr Turner served two years, and afterwards as Principal Bailie for three years; and the Court then, as now, sat two days a week. The Assessor was Robert Thomson. He continued a member of the Council after his service as a Bailie, and was altogether thirteen years connected with the Council. He became an *ex-officio* Justice of the Peace in virtue of his Magistracy; and was afterwards chosen in the usual way to that office. He attended nearly all the meetings of Council and took part in the proceedings. It is somewhat singular that one holding his political views was for many years connected with the Established Church. Latterly he attended the ministry of Dr Symington, of whose friendship and ministrations he spoke in very high terms.

In appearance, Mr Turner is rather under the middle size, of firm make and benevolent aspect. We had occasion lately to notice an admirable portrait, executed by Mr Macbeth, and which gives an admirable idea of what he was when an octogenarian. In his latter years his daughter-in-law is his housekeeper, and he enjoys the society of his children and of his childrens' children, as well as that of a wide circle of acquaintances. Instead of being looked

on with suspicion by the authorities, he was acknowledged by all as one of our most useful, active, and benevolent citizens; and, when *pro forma* he was elected Bailie of Provan, he was mentioned in the Council with much respect, and his name was received with the highest enthusiasm. He continued to take a deep interest in the proceedings of the Justices of the Peace, and up till the end of 1853 attended nearly all their meetings, as well as took part in their discussions, and conscientiously gave his vote. Unlike many reformers, his views in general are liberal and enlightened. In his latter years he has been connected with the greater part of our benevolent institutions, and is found to be to them a most useful advocate and friend. The competence which he acquired in comparatively early life allowed him leisure for taking an interest in public matters, and he has never been unwilling when called on to give both advice and substantial aid to those engaged in any useful undertaking. One of less common-sense and less vigour of mind would have been soured by the treatment which he received at the hands of the authorities; but Mr Turner never spoke of these proceedings with anything like bitterness, but looked on them, at worst, as mistaken policy; and, instead of teaching disobedience to authority, he was always first to recommend subjection to "the powers that be;" and, instead of violating bad laws, used every endeavour to get the law amended. In private life he is affable, and enjoys the company of his acquaintances and friends with that relish which only intelligent men can know. Though he has lived a much longer period than that allotted to the majority of mankind, he has never reached the position of a mere observer, but continues to be an actor in the busy scenes of benevolent and official life, and in every transaction shows that conscientiousness in money matters which was always characteristic of him. He is a most unselfish person, and lives less to

himself than most men. His aim has been to do good, and though at times, like others, he may have adopted mistaken means, Glasgow has had few citizens who have more honestly, perseveringly, and intelligently, endeavoured to promote its best interests.

Our sketch of the character of this remarkable man would not be complete were we not to mention what we learn from his intimate acquaintances, that, under all his persevering efforts to obtain for the people their municipal and political rights, he was not, like many who evinced much zeal in the same cause, forgetful of the wisdom found in the scriptures of Divine truth. Like what Guizot said of the great English Reformers, that, amidst all their struggles, they had still one idol to which they bowed down, and he paid the same homage, viz., faith in the inspiration of the Scriptures and of the great evangelical doctrines which they embodied. The business of no day was begun or closed without finding this man, during his long life, bending the knee to his God and Redeemer, pouring forth his gratitude, and supplicating the Divine aid on all his efforts, whether public or private, and that his whole life might be guided by that Power which he so deeply venerated and adored. To those privileged to be with him in his domestic circle, his devotions were as full of rich instruction and pious feeling as made his friends appreciate and admire the purity of the motives by which his political life was actuated.

He was never a Republican. He has been uniformly for a Monarchy, limited and defined as our constitution now is ; but he always was for so extending the political privileges of the people that no one class should be entitled to usurp over another, or have any legislation which would operate partially, to the favouring of one class and the detriment of another.



## SQUIBS ON THE POLITICAL DOINGS OF THE TIMES.

Some clever political squibs appeared, which gave no very incorrect idea of the spirit that actuated some of the men then in authority. Among these "Gotham in Alarm" was one of the best. The *Dramatis Personæ* were—

Lord FUNGUS, supposed to be J. Black, Provost.		
Counsellor QUILL,	"	Mr Reddie.
HARRY,	"	H. Monteith.
TIMBER,	"	J. Cleland.
BRASS,	"	B. Machin.
BATCH,	"	B. Jamieson,
CARPENTER,		
CRAB.		
CHURCH,	"	K. Finlay.
CONSTABLE.		
SERVANT.		
Neighbour CANDLE,	"	Mr Baggie.
WEAVER,	"	Mr Ogilvie.
BAREBONES,	"	Mr Fulton.
SPINTEXT,	"	Mr Douglas.
STEADFAST,	"	Mr Turner.
ANVIL,	"	Mr M'Arthur.
STURDY,	"	Mr Russell.

## ACT I.

SCENE I.—*His LORDSHIP, Solus.*

"Man, proud man, dress'd in a little brief authority,  
Plays such fantastic tricks before high heav'n,  
As makes the angels weep."

Once more, thanks to the gods, I am again in office.—Once more, the double golden chain exalts me high above the million, and now in spite of gentle Harry or his friends, I will again raise high, and build more churches, jails, and monuments, and gain myself a name. Yes, when after ages view these tow'ring edifices, they cannot fail but say, Sure he the founder was a man indeed! a man to be admired and wondered at! Long have I had a foresight, even from my boyish days, that I would be great and dignified. When on H—rr—t's lawn I used to disport myself amongst my compeers of the green, I ever was

the ruler—and even after, when in menial guise I furbished knives and water'd horses, with the good old C—nn——m, that prophetic seer, the dawnings of my present greatness were apparent.—Confound these lean unwashed artificers, that recollect those my rustic days of degradation. But I will keep my distance, stand aloof, strut, and look big, and awe them into silence; and as long as in my power keep down the noses of the ragged sooty knaves, at rough oppression's grindstone.—Who can tell but perchance I yet may catch some snug bit sinecure, a nice collectorship, or gain a pretty pension? These—aye these alone are now to be depended on; trade is but a slippery and uncertain tenure. And what pity then it is I must resign this goodly office after two short fleeting years!—O ye gods, look down propitious, and grant that whosoever may succeed and sway the sceptre after me, I may be viceroy over them. [*Enter Counsellor QUILL.*] Good morrow to you, Counsellor, what's the news abroad?

*Quill.* The best I hear, my Lord, is your reinstatement into office, nought else of any moment.—I kiss your hands.

*Lord.* Thank you, good Mr Quill. How do the people feel on the occasion?

*Coun.* All those that need be cared for, well.—Yet still there are ill rumours set afloat among the mob.

*Lord.* Indeed!—What can they be? I thought the scum had been so starved, they had not soul to think, instead of speak.—What have you heard?

*Coun.* Oh, my good Lord, their insolence is intolerable: they venture even to say, that, as when formerly in power, you wished a coach of state, you may when now again in office once more propose it, and tremble at the thought of taxes—contributions being levied. They meet in holes and corners, and consult together.

*Lord.* A murrain seize the slaves!—quick call to me the constable.—Meetings! I'll meet them with a vengeance, vile rogues!

*Coun.* I fly, and will be shortly back. [*Exit.*]

*Lord.* So the villains meet—I'll call in soldiers—cavalry—will fill the city full of troops—will hang the rogues in dozens—a pack of ragged starving vagabonds, to dare to call my

wishes into question. A coach of state!—I'll have a dozen coaches—twice as many footmen deckt in scarlet, twelve to go before and twelve behind, and see who has the boldness to call in question my authority; a pretty business this, indeed, when rulers are to be taken into task by such a pack of vermin—Yet hold—may'nt this do good—may cause my loyalty be renown'd at court—a golden opportunity; for then my business is done—no petty trading then for me—why may I not as well as others not more fit?—make speeches, too, in Parliament, and cut a figure; the road to fame and fortune both is open.

*Enter COUNSELLOR and CONSTABLE.*

*Coun.* My Lord according to your high commands, I introduce the Constable—on our way he has informed me of tidings of horrible import.

*Lord.* Indeed!—unfold them to me quick, good Constable, what information have you got?

*Coun.* It is of vast importance to your Lordship, the intelligence concerns you much. What would you think—the mob, the swinish multitude, grown insolent in starvation, consort together, wanting food and work. They now perambulate the lanes, the streets, and fields—have formed a committee, and mean (to such a pitch they've got) to call a public meeting who shall petition and lay their piteous state before the crown, and beg redress.

*Lord.* Horrible presumption!—can it be possible!

*Const.* Too true, my Lord, and what is more, they act with so much caution, that as yet by no means, by riot making or otherwise, could me or my colleagues find pretence to apprehend them.—Nay more, I would not be surprised that you yourself, my Lord, may personally be waited on to grant permission for a public meeting in the Guild Hall.

*Lord.* In the Guild Hall!—I'll hear no more. Speak better news, or be for ever dumb and motionless. What! can it be come to this?—Are constituted authorities to be talk'd to face to face by such dull senseless rogues?—A pretty pitch my government is come to!—this comes of lenity.

*Coun.* My Lord, I humbly would advise that you in this proceed with caution—a spark enkindled now may raise a conflagration which may endanger us all—deprive us of our offices

—for there are many discontented souls even in our Council—if they do come, speak kindly unto them, and promise fair—be advised, I pray you—vile spirits are abroad

*Lord.* With caution!—speak them fair!—no—that was Lord Harry's way, which made his reign one scene of rude commotion and of broils—I ruler am, and will be—in the people's own despite. Meetings!—what, recollect you not what was done in one that he allowed—when foul stigmatic printers, yea, and weavers too, dared arraign and call in question measures that were prompted by that “mighty statesman now no more,” that wondrous pilot who outrode the storm, and in whose footsteps we all are proud to walk?

*Const.* My Lord, the miscreants do not scruple even now to say, that these his measures have involved us all in ruin—that war has been the cursed cause (for which he still was advocate) and they lay the seas of blood that have been shed—the dreadful load of poverty and oppression under which they groan—all at the door of him and those who follow in his footsteps.

*Lord.* Ha!—this looks rebellion—this is the leaven of that cursed Major—thieves, murder, fire, sedition, treason—[*in a paroxysm of passion he kicks them both out of the room.*]

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Committee.

“Hunger will tame a lion, and make cowards bold.”

CANDLE, WEAVER, BAREBONES, SPINTEXT, ANVIL, STEADFAST, and STURDY.

*Can.* Now brethren, as we are the Committee, met to take into consideration the times, I think we must immediately set about righting them. I never saw the like—nothing doing—de'il a farthing coming my way. I'm sure something must be done directly, and I am of opinion the cause of the whole is corruption, and the Corn Bill. What do you think, neighbour Steadfast?

*Stead.* I canna say—I'm willing to do any thing that's like to serve the general good. We should call a Meeting, as we did before about the Corn, and petition. I'll do what I can to help you at a pinch.

*Bareb.* Surprising!—call a Meeting! call a fiddlestick!—

Gentlemen, are you mad? We must go constitutionally to work.—If we meet it must be by permission of my Lord Fungus, or if we do not, the least we may expect is travel to the Round House, and from thence to Jail or Bridewell.—I marvel much you do not think before you speak.—Why, before we know where we are, we may have dragoons cutting our throats—yes, Sir, dragoons !

*Anvil.* What should we do then?

*Bareb.* Do! why send some three or four to wait on his Lordship, and ask his permission to meet in the Guild Hall.

*Spint.* I am glad to think there are among you still some men of sound doctrine.—Who more fit to go than you, friend Barebones. It is music to my ears the talk of Meetings—no blinking of the business now—roar out reform most lustily—dismiss all pensioners—burn the Red Book, that emblem of the scarlet whore of Babylon—study the Revelations—I thought that I was left alone to stem the torrent of these times of rank aristocracy.

*Bareb.* Pooh! my good Sir, there are yet five thousand who have not bowed the knee to Baal.

*Spint.* I'm glad to hear so—give me your hand on that.—What do you say, friend, Candle, will you and neighbour Weaver go with trusty Barebones?

*Weaver.* I would na care, but I hae been living on sic thin kail these nine months past, that the sight o' the great man may gar me affront myself. Had it been Lord Harry I would na car'd—but Lord Fungus would fright the devil—better send some ither.

*Candle.* Afraid! I never was afraid in all my life, for either man or woman—I'll gang, although the de'il himself, or what is worse, a pack of beagles, kept the door. You, Weaver, you may stay at home.—Jack Anvil, you'll make one, and Sturdy, you.

*Anvil.* Troth I dinna care, wi' all my heart—let's off directly, and meet to-morrow here at the same hour, when we'll report our progress.—What say you, Sturdy?

*Sturdy.* Don't doubt me—it's not the first great man I've spoken to.

*Weaver.* Aye, gude speed may ye come—we are no a' bless'd wi'

valour. Gude forgie me, since ever I saw the sodgers shooting at us for no being content wi' horses' houghs and chappet bricks made into parritch, I'm no mysel'—and O that I was ony ither body, for this is a waefu' time, and that my puir guts ken.—Gude be wi' you.

*SCENE II.—Parlour.*

“Set a dog in office, and then behold his insolence.  
—The proud man's contumely.”

*My Lord FUNGUS reading the Courier.*

*Servant.* My Lord, four most ugly looking men do wait upon your Lordship.

*Lord.* Aye, aye, are they weavers do you think?

*Serv.* Two of them are too fat for weavers.

*Lord.* Admit them, but have the Constables in waiting.

*Enter BAREBONES, CANDLE, ANVIL, and STURDY.*

*Lord.* Well, what do you want?—what have you got to say?  
—be brief, I am busy—quick.

*Bareb.* My Lord, we have taken the liberty of waiting on you, deputed by a committee of citizens, to request your Lordship will grant us permission to call a Meeting in the Guild Hall to petition legislature.

*Lord.* Petition legislature!—on what subject, pray?

*Bareb.* On our distresses—to petition for relief.

*Lord.* The devil!—Who are you, Sir?

*Bareb.* I am a starving citizen.

*Lord.* What is your profession?

*Bareb.* I have no particular profession.

*Lord.* No—impossible!—you must be something—how do you live?

*Bareb.* Indeed, my Lord, I do not fare sumptuously every day.

*Lord.* This is not the purpose—What trade are you?—How do you gain your bread?—What is your name?—Where do you live?

*Bareb.* My Lord, to tell my every circumstance would encroach too much upon your precious time.—I am a blank, a cypher in creation, but with my colleagues here I wait your answer.

*Lord.* Aye, what are your colleagues?—What are you, Sir?



*Candle.* I deal in candles—very much at your Lordship's service.

*Lord.* And yours, Sir, and his.

*Anvil.* I deal in irons, and other groceries, and he in tea.

*Lord.* A pretty pair of pairs ye are, and ye want an answer—then hear my resolutions fixed, unalterable—I'll grant you no permission, none, by the gods—Now to supper with what appetite you may.

*Sturdy.* My lord, you certainly cannot be serious—From time unknown each subject has a right to petition—An undoubted right founded on law and precedent—for this our fathers bled—and we will not submit to be deprived tamely of our birthright.

*Lord.* Such insolence!—I tell you, Sir, such rights are too far back—by much too far for me.—Away!—No Hall to meet in shall ye have—none, if I have power in Gotham.

*Anvil.* Then will we meet in our Green.

*Lord.* Our Green!—Such horrible assurance!

*Sturdy.* The Green is ours as much as yours, my Lord, and sure the citizens have a right to meet on property of their own.

*Lord.* At your peril be it.—Such meetings may do harm, but can't do good.—Don't talk to me of rights.

*Candle.* Then, my Lord, will we publish it, that you will not allow us to meet either in the Guild Hall or Green.

*Lord.* Take care what you publish.—You, Sir, you are known—you are a rank mutineer—you are watched, Sir—your impertinence may get you a trip you little dream of—your insolence respecting open Courts is not forgot.

*Bareb.* When we do meet, if your Lordship does not favour us with your company, you may perhaps be so good as to let us have a troop of cavalry.

*Lord.* What, am I to be dictated to by such a set of fellows? Away!—Quick—Off—[*Drives them off.*]—So ho! who waits?—Call a meeting of the Privy Council straight—this must be laid before them—this is sedition, treason, what not—there's more hid here than meets the public eye—a devil has possessed the mob—a seditious devil—a Nottingham devil—these are revolutionary principles—no man in power is safe—this comes of allowing the rabble to read such papers as the

Statesman, Whig, and others—I'll double the patrols—no toleration must be granted to such iniquitous proceedings.—I'll go and wait the Privy Council.

ACT III.

*SCENE I.—Meeting of the Council.*

“What makes all reasons plain and clear,  
Why—neat Five Hundred Pounds a-year.”

*My Lord FUNGUS, Counsellors HARRY, TIMBER, BRASS, BATCH, CARPENTER, CRAB, and CHURCH.*

*Lord.* My brethren of the Council, I grieved am—yes, I am sorely grieved, that I am in duty bound so soon to call a Meeting; but dire necessity impels me. I have information of terrible import to lay before you. Unfortunate it is that even now, so soon—when scarcely warm within my chair of state—I must on such a painful subject now address you. Heaven knows alone to what we are reserved!—For be it known to you, most sapient Counsellors, a volcano of destruction—Jacobinical volcano—to which old Etna is a spark—with violence horrible is now ready to explode on our devoted heads—a crusted spirit of sedition is infused in all the lower ranks—a wish to rob us of our goodly offices—our savory dinners, and our wine at public cost—they call them luxury and profusion, and think might be dispensed with—and have the insolence to say that part of these funds so liberally subscribed and sent to our allies, might be as usefully employed in procuring food for them, their wives, and children. Murmurs not loud but deep pervade the land—chaos is come again and ready shortly to involve us all in a vast interminable mass of anarchy, confusion and of ruin—Comets, importing their change of times and states have shewn their fiery tresses in the crystal sky—huge meteors have shot across the heavens—earthquakes been felt—each hour is big with fate—in fine everything portends some dreadful act; and to some up the whole, the swinish mob so arrogant are grown, now talk of petitioning the crown, talk of meeting, and of being represented—they—the outcasts of the earth—a different species altogether.—They—what right have they to think or speak?—Why, what would they represent?—property, they have none—houses, they have none—then why dare they speak of rights or claim relief, or talk of

being represented? My brethren, would you believe, so ready for revolt they are, that this very day they called upon me, soliciting permission to meet in the Guild Hall; but soon I packed them off—no Meetings must be thought of.—What do you say, my brethren?

*Harry.* Why, really my lord, I have my doubts—I am not sure but I am inclined to believe—that the poor people are of the same materials as ourselves; and, really, I see no reason why they may not meet—really, no wonder they are tired of starving—they have borne long—times will mend—they have been very patient and quiet—and really—

*Lord.* Stop, stop, stop—do you know what you are saying?—have you not heard that in consequence of my refusal, they mean to investigate (like those miscreants of the north)—to investigate our right of electing one another?

*Harry.* Ho ho!—then no more Meetings.—That concerns us all, and much more nearly than reforms in Parliament.—What a pack of rascals!

*Timber.* I am sorry to say that Gotham, so renowned for loyalty, is likely to become a nest of traitors. This storm has been some time a brewing—innumerable the seditious handbills, on the Sundays, I have caused to be torn down—we must be on the alert, or farewell our privileges, plans, and pensions.

*Brass.* If a few of the ringleaders were hung in chains, it would be of service.—This is rank rebellion.

*Batch.* Right, brother.—Or what do you think of roasting a few dozens of them in an oven. Something we must do, and that directly—let spies be placed at every corner, so that the rascallions may not steal a march upon us—no Meetings.

*Carpenter.* I will take care they shall not meet in any Hall about the city, and will seize all suspected persons. Mobocracy must be kept down or none of us are safe.

*Crab.* Why, I do not see much danger—let them meet and petition as they please—well we know what will become of their petitions—they will be thrown aside. But let them meet, and Mr Church you—accustomed to noisy and tumultuous assemblies—may get placed in the chair, and harangue and speechify the mob.

*Church.* Are you mad, Mr Crab, are you mad?—do you not

remember that the rascals hung my effigy?—do you wish to see me dangling at a lamp post?—don't you know that ever since among the swine my name has stunk?

*Crab.* Swine!—let me tell you, Sir, I once was poor myself, and but for these swine, Sir, you had never shown your nose in the Chapel—swine, indeed!

*Lord.* Inflammatory! inflammatory!—Order! order!—take Mr Crab into custody—this is shameful.

*Crab.* And you, my Lord—were you ever in Edinburgh?

*Lord.* I have no answer to such impertinent questions.

*Crab.* I believe not!—and you never heard of Grangemouth—no! no!

*Timber.* Mr Crab, order! you are abusive—this is not the place for such language.

*Crab.* I dare say not—you should be the last to obtrude yourself—are you afraid of your pension?—do you know your grandfather?

*Brass.* This is not to be borne—Horrible! horrible!—Order!—Silence!

*Crab.* Oh, Mr Brass, are you fishing for a place and pension likewise?—I tell you it won't do—you have no right to stop their meeting—I protest against such measures.

*Carpenter.* Take care what you say, Mr Crab—take care what you say.

*Crab.* What, you puny mender of coffins! what are you?—do you know who you are speaking to?—the people are asking nothing more than their right.—What constitutes a nation's wealth?—not you, nor any such—it is the people.—Who fight our battles?—why, the people.—Who has rais'd the city to its present pitch of grandeur?—the people.—In them consists the right of choosing rulers, not in us, though lately it has been arrogated.—I have no patience with such fellows.

*Timber.* Such language is subversive of every rule, and quite unbecoming the assembly.

*Crab.* You are the last man that should speak here.—Take care, Sir, or I may remind you of some little incidents in your history, you little dream of.

*Lord.* This must not be allowed—break up the Meeting—dismiss the Council.—Meantime, let spies be set about—tear

down handbills—act with vigour—send express for the cavalry to skir the city round; off with despatches—warn all Lord Lieutenants—grant warrants to imprison those that speak of Meetings—Whoever talks of reform, he is a miscreant and a traitor—let him be gagged and thrown into confinement—place artillery, &c., at every street and lane, and get martial law established—quick—away—

“My soul’s in arms and eager for the fray.”

[*Exeunt Omnes.*]

## P A R T I I.

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LORD FUNGUS.

QUILL.

TYPO,

Mr Reid.

PIG OF KNOWLEDGE, Mr Miekclam.

STURDY.

STEADFAST.

CANDLE.

WEAVER.

BAREBONES.

SPINTEXT.

VELLUM.

CRAB.

WORMFACE.

BATCH.

SNIFE.

CAPTAIN.

SERJEANT.

COMMISSIONER.

MEG.

MADGE.

## ACT I.

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### SCENE I.—*Gotham Square.*

“I see this hath a little dashed your spirits.

—Not a jot—not a jot.”

*My LORD and QUILL.*

*Lord.* So on every hand I am contemned, despised, insulted; that scoundrel Crab, to advocate the cause of such a set of knaves. What man in power was ever so abused, so infamously abused? I little thought that even in the very chamber of the Council I should be so abused. [*Enter QUILL.*] Ah, good Quill, too

late, alas, I find that even in the Council there are friends to liberty.

*Quill.* Yes, Sir, I am sorry indeed you did not take my advice.—That fellow Crab—

*Lord.* That fellow, indeed! Forsooth, because he has been in a college—talks of rights, and of a moderate reform being necessary.—I have no patience with him.

*Quill.* He is every bit as bad as Sonsy Sam—he is a turbulent fellow, and must be turned out.

*Lord.* Indubitably—beyond all question.

*Quill.* I am happy to inform you, however, that one of the rascals that were so impertinent to your Lordship the other day, now lies in irons at the Round House, and his trial is to come on at twelve.

*Lord.* A piece of high intelligence!—Say, which of the knaves it is?

*Quill.* Candle—that indefatigable apostle in every cause that doth concern the mob.

*Lord.* Who is the judge to-day?

*Quill.* Mr Wormface, your particular friend.

*Lord.* Excellent! Make my respects to him, and say that Candle must not be allowed by any means to pass without a swinging fine. And if at all it is possible, let him as a felon be marched down to Mr Pincher—he'll take care of him I warrant—to Bridewell with him afterwards.

*Quill.* My Lord, we are rather afraid of Candle since that affair of Batch.

*Lord.* What affair, pray?—I recollect it not.

*Quill.* O, my Lord, has it already escaped your memory? but I do not wonder—so much to think on. You know, two scoundrels, some time ago, whom an officer of Cossacks knocked down upon the street, and sent unto the Round House, good Mr Batch condemned a month to Bridewell—he—this scoundrel Candle—got a revision of the sentence—published the whole circumstances, as seen by persons on the spot, in that horrid Paper, and got them off without a fine.

*Lord.* And now you have himself in custody?—Oh, glorious information—warn Mr Wormface of him—let him not escape now—for revenge, revenge.



*Quill.* Yes, yes, we'll give him a taste of confinement himself.

*Lord.* What horrid crime has he committed?

*Quill.* I have no certain information; only he was marched down this morning early, and there he lies until his trial.

*Lord.* In the interim I must see friend Wormface, and call on my friends respectively—a repetition of such conduct as appeared at last must show itself in no succeeding convocation—such dispositions must be curbed in time, or of what use is my authority?

## *SCENE II.—Round House.*

“O that a man should put an enemy into his mouth to steal away his brains.”

CAPTAIN, WORMFACE, SNIPE, HOP, &c. &c. CANDLE, COMMISSIONER, OFFICERS, &c.

*Candle.* For Gude sake gie me a drink o' sma' yill, or meal and water, or ony thing.

*Capt.* Bring out that horrid culprit Candle—[*Enter CANDLE with SERJEANT.*] Well, Serjeant, let the magistrate hear what you have to say about this fellow.

*Serj.* Why, Sir, about two in the morning, when going my rounds with my brethren here, we observed a door open that leads unto a cellar, and going down we got this scoundrel lying on a chest and fast asleep; when we awoke him he seemed amazed at being detected, and either could or would not speak—when we urged him, he told me to go about my business, said he paid the taxes, that we were the servants of the public and of him, and that he was on property of his own, and that we and all our kind might go to \* \* \*, and that we were a pack of thieves.

*Capt.* Do you hear that, Mr Wormface—I told you so Mr Hop—Mr Snipe, write down his answers—what do you say for yourself, Sir?

*Candle.* Why I say he is telling you a pack of confounded lies.

*Capt.* Take care, Mr Candle—take care what you say.

*Candle.* I say nothing but what's right. I shall, if you please, tell you the story exactly as it happened.

*Hop.* You are perfectly at liberty to speak, Mr Candle.

*Candle.* Well, Sir, you see, I had got imposed on, and was the worse of liquor, and in going home went into my own cellar, where I laid down and fell asleep, from which I shortly was awaked by being rudely shook by this fellow, who told me I was a robber—I had heard their tricks, the watchman and patroles both, and wished to see how far they would go, and quietly came with them here—and here I am.

*Com.* I say, Mr Wormface, they had no right to take him off his own property—did you not know him, Sir?

*Serj.* Yes, but I thought you would all be grateful at having him in custody, as he is one of the disaffected.

*Capt.* You did right, Serjeant, he has been guilty of the crime of drunkenness, which you know is punishable by law—how could you, Sir, presume to get drunk—Mr Candle, before you attempt to reform others, reform yourself, Sir.

*Candle.* You're no far wrang there—but would the advice no apply to some other lads cocking fu' proudly at your side?—was you never drunk yoursel', Sir?

*Capt.* What an insolent fellow!—fine him.

*Candle.* Maybe it would be as well if you took the ferryboat out o' your ain eye, before you meddle wi' the stick in mine. I never was in the Kneeling Club like some o' you.

*Capt.* What can this scoundrel mean?

*Candle.* I say I never was sae drunk yet as gang down on my knees to drink a health to a piece o' timmer, as some hae done.

*Hop.* We had better dismiss this fellow, he gets scurrilous.

*Candle.* Aye, aye, and ye ken what for the whunstones and stabs were ta'en awa' frae the corners o' the streets, and lamp posts frae the pavement?—I'll tell you—it was because the bits o' \* \* \* \* \* bodies, when they were daunerin hame frae their dinners and wine, used to fa' o'er them—may be they we're fu' as well as me.

*Capt.* Mr Snipe, we better send off this fellow—Mr Pincher would make nothing of him.

*Candle.* O yes, a pretty figure ye cut, some o' you wi' your

cocked deggars, like an ordinary-sized heel tacket in a ploughman's shoe, stacherin hame betimes.

*Snipe.* Set him off, set him off.

*Candle.* Aye, aye, its just as well—ye had better no wauken my tongue—I could tell you a story, but that'll maybe come in time.

*Capt.* Turn him down stairs, turn him down stairs.

*Serj.* He called me a d—n'd thief, and I'll prove it.

*Hop.* I never heard of such names breaking any bones—away with him.

*Candle.* Although some o' you hae been accustomed whupping the negers on the ither side o' the water—it'll no do here—ye canna punish us for contempt—none of your driving.

*Capt.* Put him in the black hole.

*Candle.* What for, man—do ye think ye're amang your sogers, and your trash again—keep yoursel' easy and quiet, or there nae saying how soon baith you and Snipe, and your great bull dog Pincher, may get the kick and be sent aff to graze.

*Hop.* Send him away, for God's sake—off with him.

*Candle.* Aye, aye, ye hae some gumption left—Gude be thankit ye're no a' crazy yet—Tell Pincher I'll see him soon, and in a way he little expects—he thinks he may do as he likes; but tell him the Carters are no a' dead yet, man—Gude mornin' to you.

## ACT II.

### SCENE I.—Gotham Square.

———“What needs this pains,  
To show the world thy wondrous lack of brains.”

QUILL and SERVANT.

*Quill.* Pray tell his Lordship I wait upon him. [*Exit SERVANT.*] What a scoundrel Candle is! [*Enter LORD.*]

*Lord.* Well, Mr Quill, have you despatched that dog to Mr Pincher?—say, quick, what is done.

*Quill.* Ah, my Lord, that fellow is in possession of some facts I thought had been unknown—they were glad to dismiss him—and unfined; and now it finally is resolved that they meet tomorrow in Mr Steadfast's field, and many pamphlets, called Thrushgrove tracts, are hawking round the city.

*Lord.* O for Jove's thunder!—May cloud on cloud roll on like wave on wave, until they're drenched to the bone—though steeples be blown down and churches all unroof'd—though arrowy show'rs of hail confound and swallow vegetation up—though the yesty waves engulph my *Favourite* ships, and give the mariners a watery grave—I will be happy, so it but stop; or failing that, obstruct their meeting. At what hour do they meet say'st thou.

*Quill.* At one precisely.

*Lord.* Horror and \* \* \* go with them—get me a telescope—from an adjacent ground will I look down upon the rascals, and if curses have not lost their power, I'll blast their meeting.

*Quill.* Who shall accompany your Lordship?

*Lord.* You—Typo—the Pig of Knowledge, and a posse of constables.

*Quill.* I'll call and give them information.

*Lord.* Do, bestir yourself—

“The times are out of joint. O cursed spite  
That ever I was born to set them right.”

*SCENE II.—Coffee Room.*

“I'm glad it pinches there.”

“Sed tamen amoto quæramus seria luds.”

WORMFACE, CRAB, VELLUM, and BATCH.

*Vellum.* So, gentlemen, how do you do?—what news?

*Worm.* Oh! nothing but the meeting—By the bye, Crab rather tickled his Lordship at the Council to-day—Oh, here he comes; Vellum, are you acquainted with him?

*Vellum.* Not intimately—introduce me.

*Worm.* Mr Crab, Mr Vellum—Mr Vellum, Mr Crab.—Pray, Mr Crab, if you would not take the familiarity amiss, I wish much to know what you meant by your hint to Timber to-day.

*Crab.* Oh, thereby hangs a tale—it is not convenient at present—it is a story respecting an old man, a mason; one—but, the whole circumstances, with anecdotes of our chief Gothamites are in preparation and will speedily see the light.

*Vellum.* I heard that whispered some time ago.

*Crab.* I have it from good authority.

*Worm.* What kind of fellow is that Candle?

*Crab.* A most obnoxious fellow—Mr Batch knows something of him.

*Batch.* That I do to my cost—but we'll drop the subject—he is not half so bad as some others.

*Vellum.* Do you know anything of this fellow Sturdy?

*Crab.* Do I know him!—Oh yes, and so does Mr Brass. He is the very fellow, Sir, that, when the Round House Act was passing, opposed their being armed with swords and pistols, as was their first intention.

*Batch.* What a pity but they had! and then Mr Candle would have told no tales—swords are convincing arguments. What do you think?—the fellow has been sent to try and get an assize for bread established.

*Crab.* This is not all—Sturdy was afterwards one of the commissioners—and when poor Mr Snipe deducted five per cent. off rewards given the officers, he made a noise about it, and it nearly cost him his place.

*Vellum.* I have heard all this before; but what made Sonsy Sam be turned off?

*Crab.* Oh, don't you know that?—he read warrants before he would sign them—and Mr Pincher thought he scrutinized him rather narrowly, and as the town are his debtors, we had to turn Sam off.

*Vellum.* Indeed, very likely; Mr Pincher has a deal to say. How much do the town owe?

*Crab.* A trifle, Sir, for Gotham—only £193,000.

*Vellum.* I have heard some story about Sturdy and the road money—it escapes me now—do you recollect it?

*Crab.* Perfectly well—our wise Council wished it five shillings to the poorest beggar, and so there would have been something coming in—but he growl'd at it.

*Vellum.* He must be a devil of a fellow, Sturdy.

*Crab.* Have you heard that his Lordship means to establish Horse Barracks in the city to awe the scum.

*Vellum.* I have heard so—I wish he may not stretch his prerogative too far.

## ACT III.

## SCENE I.—Committee.

“A weak invention of the enemy.”

STURDY, BAREBONES, STEADFAST, SPINTEXT, WEAVER,  
ANVIL, and CANDLE.

*Sturdy.* Brethren, I am sorry to inform you, that neighbour Candle is now confined in the Round House on a charge of being drunk.

*Bareb.* I am sorry to hear it—we could have better spared a better man—and then such a disgrace upon the Committee!

*Stead.* Shameful! I would vote for his being expelled.

*Spint.* Verily, brethren, we must hear himself upon the subject; perhaps he may have some excuse—but it is giving the enemy a pull against us—pray that ye likewise fall not into temptation. Candle is young and encompassed with many snares—in my sermon yesterday, I told them that could not walk to the Meeting, that they should crawl, for it is the work of the Lord.

*Anvil.* We all know your zeal in the cause—when will your letter to the men in power see the light?

*Spint.* My first letter is ready for the press; but I am engaged with the First Blast of the Trumpet against the horrid regiment of pensioners and placemen, and the dreadful sin of aristocracy—but here comes Candle. [Enter CANDLE.]

*Bareb.* Where have you been disgracing us all, getting drunk? You are nearly as bad as any of the Counsellors—answer for yourself, Sir.

*Stead.* Condemn no man unheard—answer for your crime, Sir.

*Candle.* Indeed, Sir, Mr President, I was overtaken with the spirit of drunkenness; but I fell a victim to a plot—four de'ils o' chieils put whisky in the water I was making toddy o', and I was overtaken and tipsified.

*Weaver.* Wha war they, Sir, that durst affront and take advantage of our weak brother?

*Candle.* One o' them is a lang-legged, land-louping, stravaiging mischievous grasshopper looking de'il o' a chiel o' a writer—anither a fallow that sells grozets and cabbages—Tam, the wee flesher—the ither——



*Weaver.* Whar do they live—tell me, and I'll rive them spawl frae spawl.

*Candle.* That's the very thing I'll no tell you for—I forgie them a' man.

*Spint.* Candle, Candle, you are in the gall of bitterness—that spirit of forgiveness is very unbecoming the character of a Christian.

*Sturdy.* Two of the young men called on me, and made an apology—they had no bad intent—and for the Council, if they should throw it in the teeth of any here—they can just ask them, if they know any thing of the Albion Steam Boat, and the Cloch expedition.

*Spint.* If men revile you, revile not again, for by that means you heap coals——

*Bareb.* Stop, stop—we don't come here to hear a sermon—revile them most heartily—we'll have nothing to do with your coals.

*Stead.* Order! Silence!—If Timber says any thing to you, ask him if he recollects who it was told his workmen, if they could not afford beef, they might eat potatoes, as there were no bones in them.

*Spint.* Ah, Barebones, Barebones! if you would but hear me—I have a great regard for you.

*Bareb.* Why do you always attack me?—go and convert the Counsellors.

*Spint.* Well, well—but Mr Timber is a friend of mine, and a friend to the poor, and sore he works for his pension, early and late so he does.

*Stead.* Well, Candle, say nothing to him, but should any of the rest speak to you, ask them if they'll tell you how much more than the price of the trees they ate and drank at consulting about the measure of removing them from Gotham Green.

*Candle.* I am no afraid of them—it's Mr Snipe and the Round House lads that I am terrified for—he may now double my three shillings—for two years since, because I was rather ahint, he put eighteenpence on't.

*Stead.* If he does so, tell the Commissioners—that's your plan. The government in that quarter requires a reform as

much as some others.—Now away and prepare for the meeting to-morrow.

*SCENE II.—A crowd of Women and Children.*

“An’ L—d, if ance they pit her till’t,  
Her tartan petticoat she’ll kilt,  
An’ duck an’ pistol at her belt,  
She’ll tak’ the street,  
An’ rin her whittle to the hilt  
I’ the first she meets.”

MADGE and MEG.

*Madge.* Rin, Meg, rin—how mony’s kill’d—rin, fill your lap wi’ stanes—what de’il for dinna ye rin?—we’ll no see the dust an we binna quick.

*Meg.* Gore, I see nae dust—they’re a’ gaun to the spot, but I hear nae shooting.

*Madge.* Hab, but, lass, it ’ill soon begin—I mind whan they shot the weavers afore, lass.

*Meg.* We’ll no hae to pay ony rents after the day na—I houp no.

*Madge.* Rents! Hoot awa, ye’re daft—what de’il would be the use of their Meetings then—na, na, nae mair rents—an’ the meal ’ll be at eightpence the peck again, lass.

*Meg.* Gude grant it may, woman—but I’m fear’t for thae dragoons.

*Madge.* What de’il are ye fear’t for?—Gore, lass, an ye had seen how they scamper’t an’ yowl’t that day when Cope ran awa at Dunbar—I was there wi’ my Johnnie—hech! it was a braw day, gathring their bits o’ bagonets an’ swords—I hae yin o’ their swords for a poker yet.

*Meg.* Hoot, I ken brawly they darna cock their nose here.—Willie Wallace us’d to gar them rin in thousands himsel—but the focks were surely big then.

*Madge.* Nae doubt, nae doubt—Whatna queer looking nool knee’d shauchlin’ body’s that there.

*Meg.* Ah, lass, that’s Typo—I kent his mither brawly, she sell’t tripe and kail—honest Painch Meg—and his father was an honest Betherell, so he was.

*Madge.* Losh preserve us a’, woman!

*Meg.* Aye, lass, and auld Harry gie'd him a gold snuff-box for telling lies, lass.

*Madge.* His presence be about us!—hech, he got it easy—but are you sure its true about his mither?

*Meg.* True!—the vera brod the kail pat was painted on is living to this day a witness—a living witness, woman.

*Madge.* An' whatna wee droichling stumpy body's that in the black coat?

*Meg.* He's an awfu' body wi' learning that, lass—that's the Pig—his father was as decent a bit dominie body as ye would hae seen.

*Madge.* An' what has he gotten for telling lies.

*Meg.* Na, its untellable a' that he has, but auld Harry gie'd him 200 pound every year this lang while, an' he is to hae't as lang's he lives.—There they begin, there they begin—look at their hats aff.

*Madge.* Hoot, they're haroing, woman—but Gude have a care o' me!—there's Jenny, my Jenny, wi' the wean, and the de'il a pirn 'll be win't the day, unless I do't mysel'—come awa, come awa.

*SCENE II.—A field with a vast number, Hustings erected, &c.*

“There is no ancient gentlemen but gardeners, ditchers, and grave-makers—they hold up Adam's profession.”

*My LORD, with his Staff, &c.*

*Lord.* Aye, there they are, and yet the sun shines bright—did he but feel as I do, he would have now disdained to shine.—Typo, stand near me—Pig of Knowledge thou—away, and gain intelligence.

*Pig.* I fly—have a care of your gracious person.—Typo be cautious. [Exit PIG.]

*Lord.* Who is that, that now harangues the ragamuffins?—what is he?

*Typo.* That is Stout, a manufacturer.

*Lord.* Aye, aye—I have no knowledge of him.

*Typo.* But in my report I'll call him a weaver.

*Lord.* And who is that, so splendidly dress'd, they put into the chair.

*Typo.* That's Steadfast, their president, I suppose.

*Lord.* He is not much bigger than myself, but he seems proud of the honour—Who is that next?

*Typo.* That's Mr Goodtongue, a corrector of the Press—we'll call him Journeyman Printer.

*Lord.* I know that fellow, with the wig and brown coat, he is a rank one.

*Typo.* Yes, my Lord, we better say nothing of him.

*Lord.* And I know the rest, that man so finely powder'd—that's Sturdy—that's him that talks of rights.

*Typo.* Yes, my Lord, we'll call him warehouse cleaner—here comes Pig. [Enter PIG.]

*Pig.* Well, my Lord, every thing goes on with decency; but their speeches are horrid—the very dogs are barking at them.

*Typo.* No wonder, no wonder—how many are there present?

*Pig.* They say 40,000; but in my report I'll say 4,000; and if any noise is made I'll say 'twas a small mistake, an omitting of a cypher—an error of the press.

*Typo.* What shout was that?

*Pig.* 'Twas the scoundrels crying "No Courier! no Courier!"

*Typo.* D——n the rascals! my Lord, they are making this way in clouds, like our friends the Cossacks—let us provide for our safety—God preserve your Lordship—by G—d they'll badger me. [Runs off.]

*Pig.* By all the rules of natural philosophy, I may take care of myself. Even Buonaparte ran—excuse me, my Lord—Farewell. [Runs off.]

*Lord.* You time serving sycophantic cowardly rogues, is this your boasted courage?—Constables sound a retreat—a coach, a coach, my Lordship for a coach—they come in "numbers numberless"—direful is the sight and terrifying the din—my office I'll resign, let them rule themselves—they're far beyond my government. [Runs off.]

*An immense crowd hallooing, &c., fill the stage.—Curtain drops.*  
[Exeunt Omnes.]













